

GOLD
KEY

1000-012
DECEMBER

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

BEDROCK ICE CAPADES

with
PEBBLES



Hanna-Barbera
THE
FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbara
THE FLINTSTONES

BEDROCK ICE CAPADES

THE FAMOUS ICE CAPADES HAS COME TO DISPLAY HIS DAZZLING ARRAY OF TALENT IN BEDROCK'S GREAT GROTTO STADIUM...



BUT THE FLINTSTONE FAMILY PET, DINO, FEELS LEFT OUT OF THE FUN...

FINALLY, IT'S MORE THAN DINO'S FRAGILE FEELINGS CAN STAND...



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THE FLINTSTONES, No. 37, December, 1966. Published bi-monthly by K.K. Publications, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 65c per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.15 per year; Canadian subscriptions 90c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1966, by Hanna-Barbara Productions, Inc.

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WOW! THE STAR OF THE SHOW IS REALLY GREAT!

HIS NAME IS CHIP DIZE!

ABBA-DABBA GOO-GOO!

ZIP!

SKIP!



BRAVO FOR CHIP DIZE!

SPECTACULAR!



BUT WHEN DINO JOINS IN TO VOICE HIS APPROVAL...

EE-YOWP!
EE-YOWP!

HUH?!
DINO!?



ERK!
WHAT'S A BONE
DOING ON
THE ICE?



CRASH!

BAD DINO! YOU
CAUSED CHIP DIZE
TO FALL! SHAME!

...ERPHIE



WELL... HEH-HEH... GLAD TO SEE
ONLY ONE BONE IS BROKEN!

OH,
YEAH?



MY ANKLE IS **SPRAINED!**
I—I CAN'T STAND ON IT...
MUCH LESS SKATE!

WE'RE
SORRY!







AND SO, DINO
RAZLE
DAZZLES
BEDROCK
WITH HIS
FANCY
FIGURE
SKATING...

WOW!
DIG THAT
DOGGIE-
SAURUS!

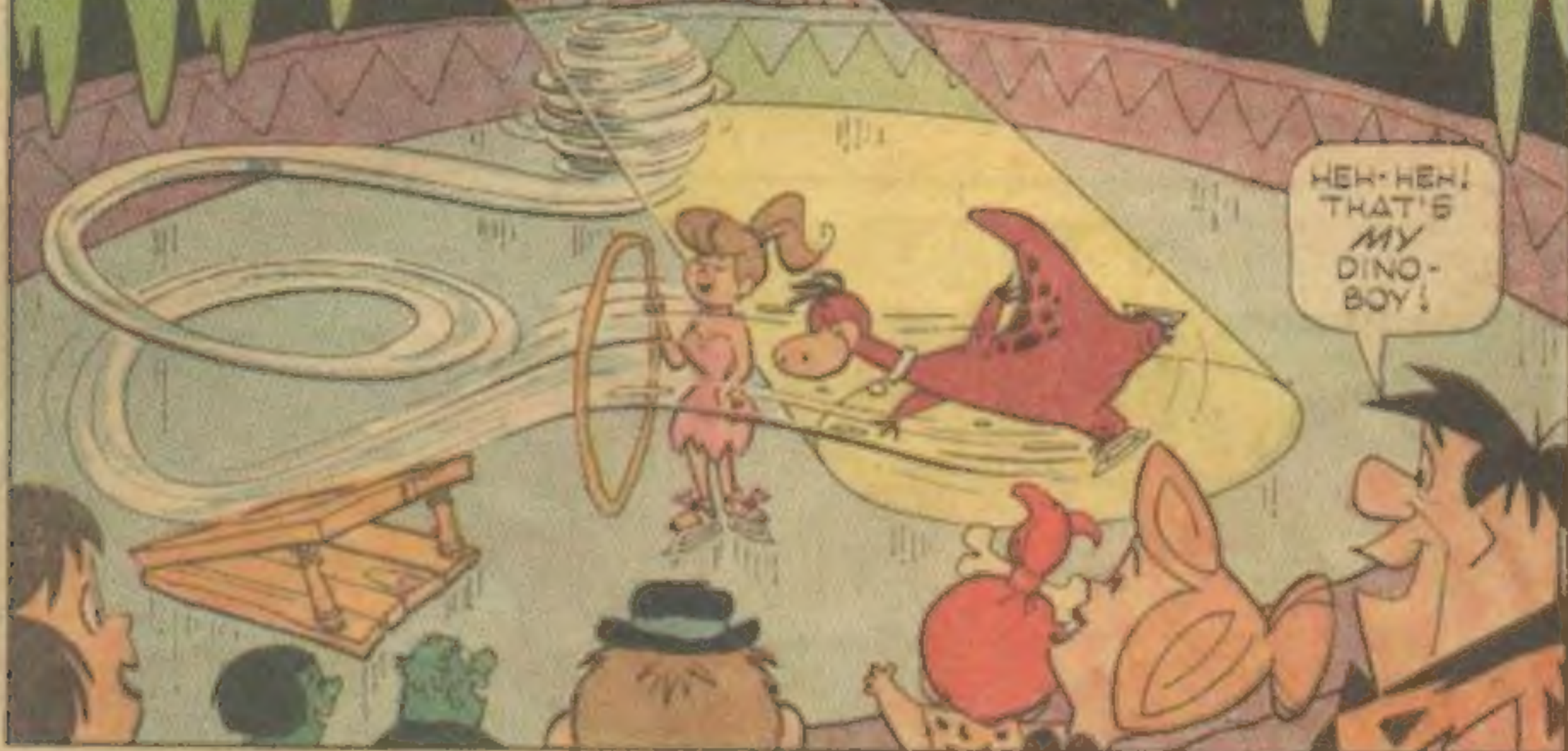
DINO
IS
KEENO!

NEVER DID A
MAN SKATE
LIKE THIS
SAURUS
SKATES!

BRAVO WITH
BONE-MEAL
ON IT!

YAY!

HEH-HEH!
THAT'S
MY
DINO-
BOY!



NOW MAYBE THE
FLINTSTONE FAMILY
WILL BE HIGHLY
ESTEEMED FOR A
CHANGE!



BUT...

(SIGH!) IT'S DINO
WHO GETS ALL THE
ATTENTION!

WE'RE TOTALLY
NEGLECTED!



FOLKS STAND IN LINE
FOR AN HOUR JUST TO
PET HIM!

AND THEY STAND
IN OUR GARDEN
TO DO IT!

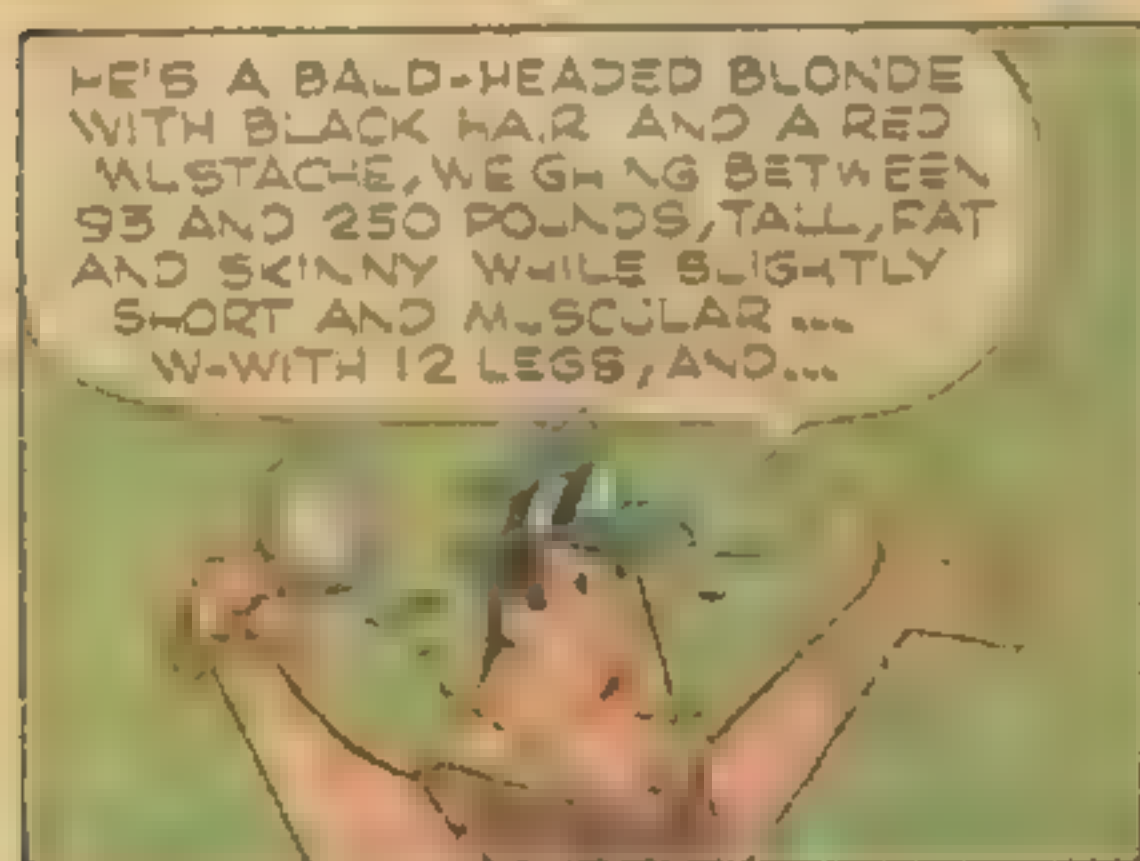
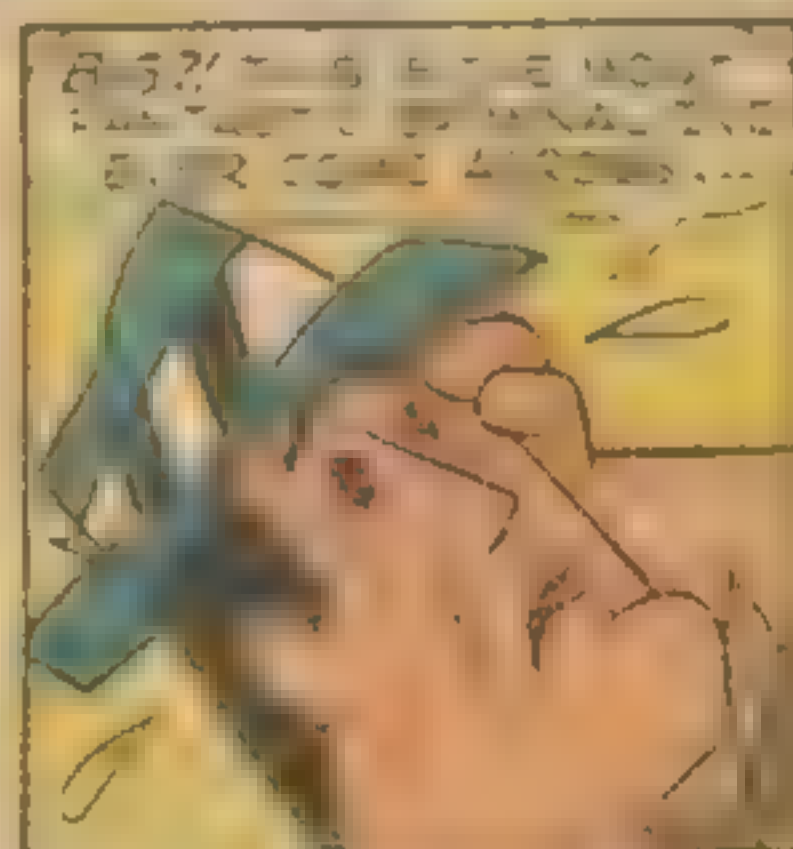
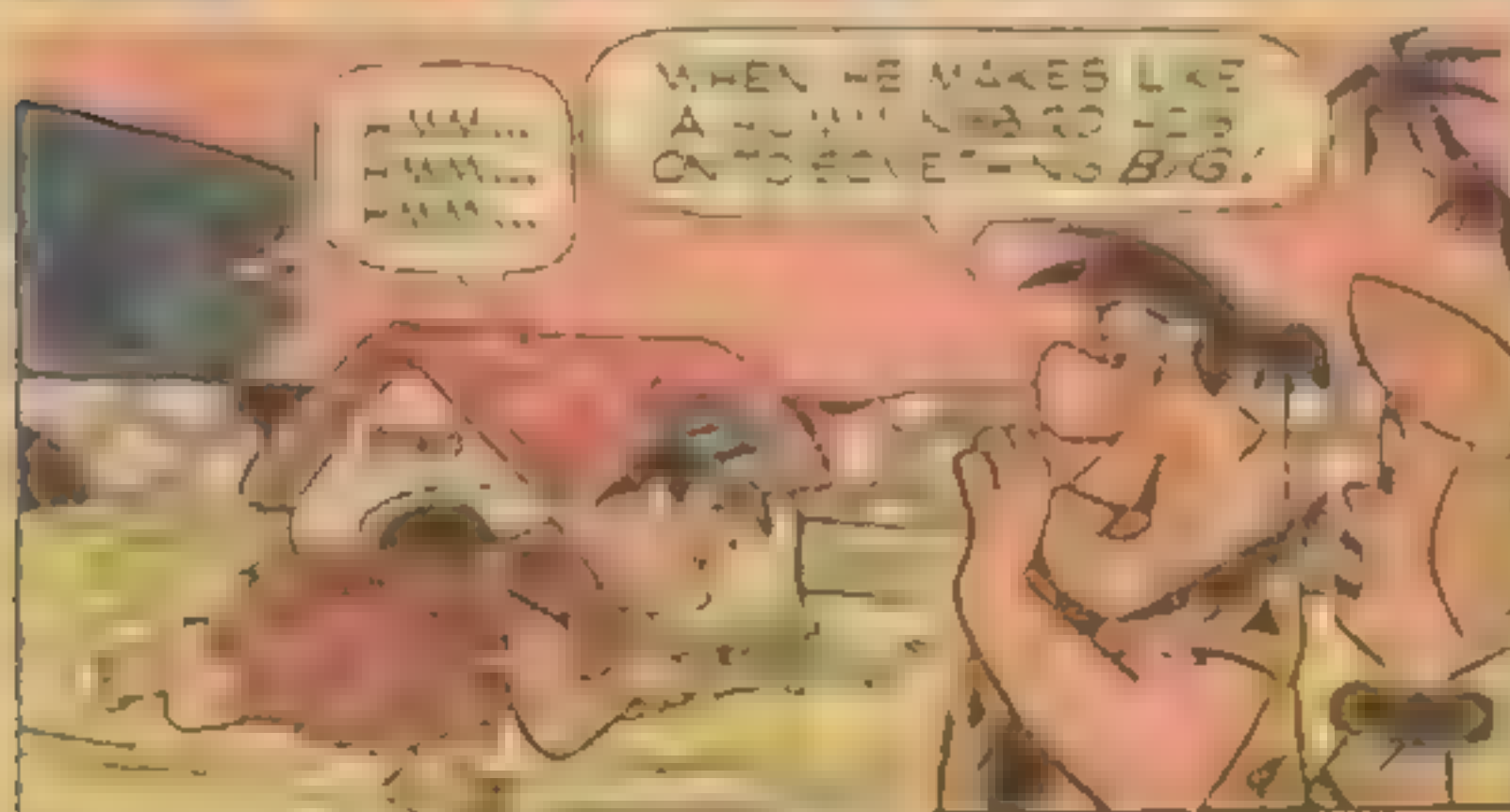
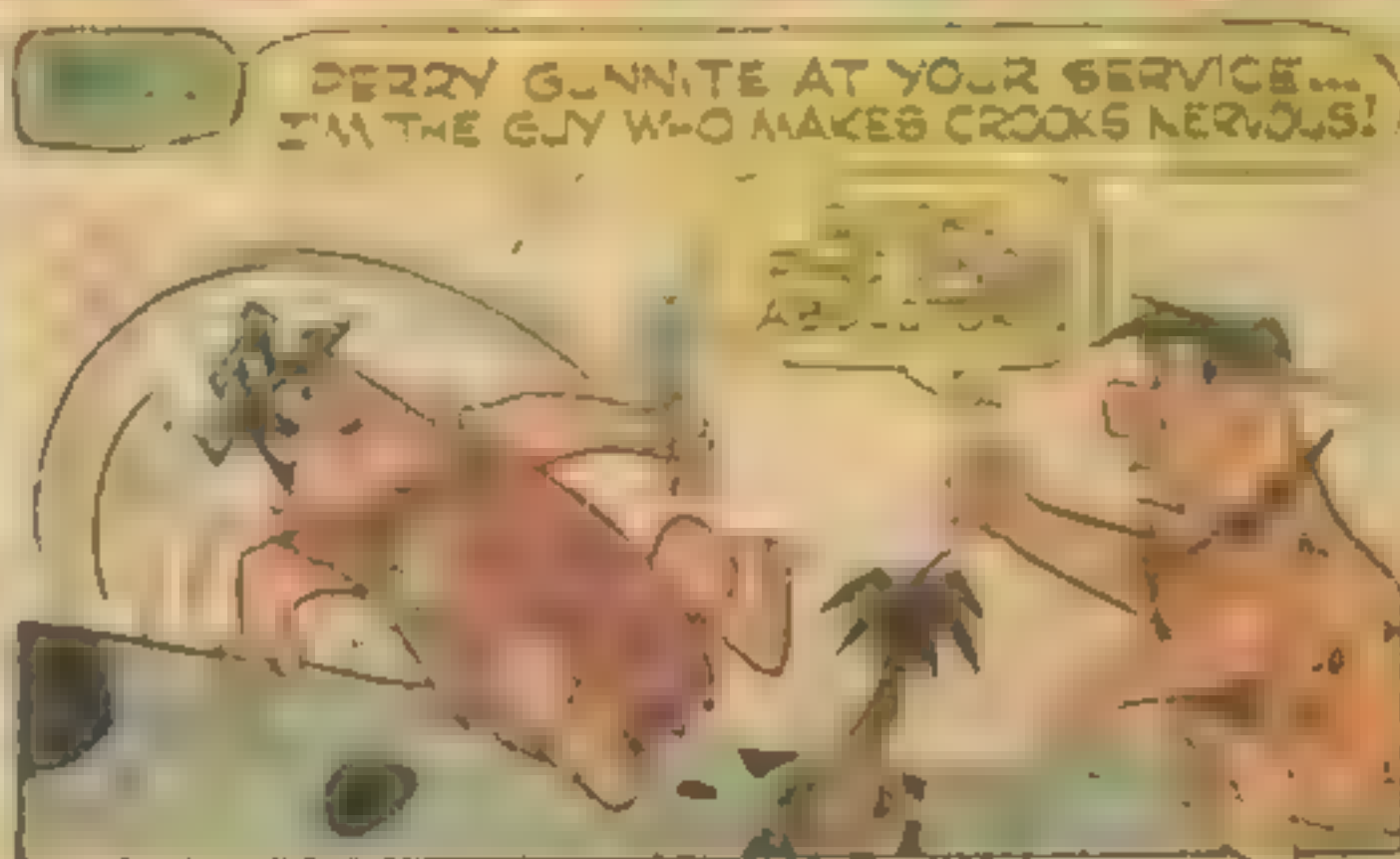
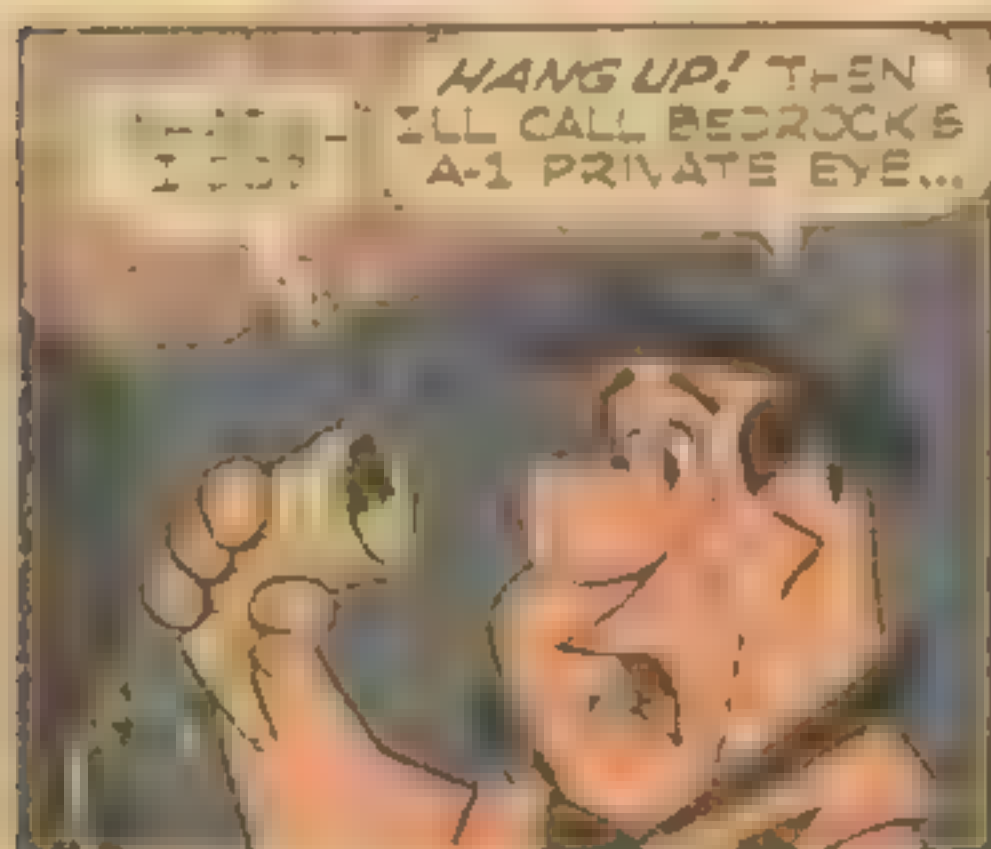
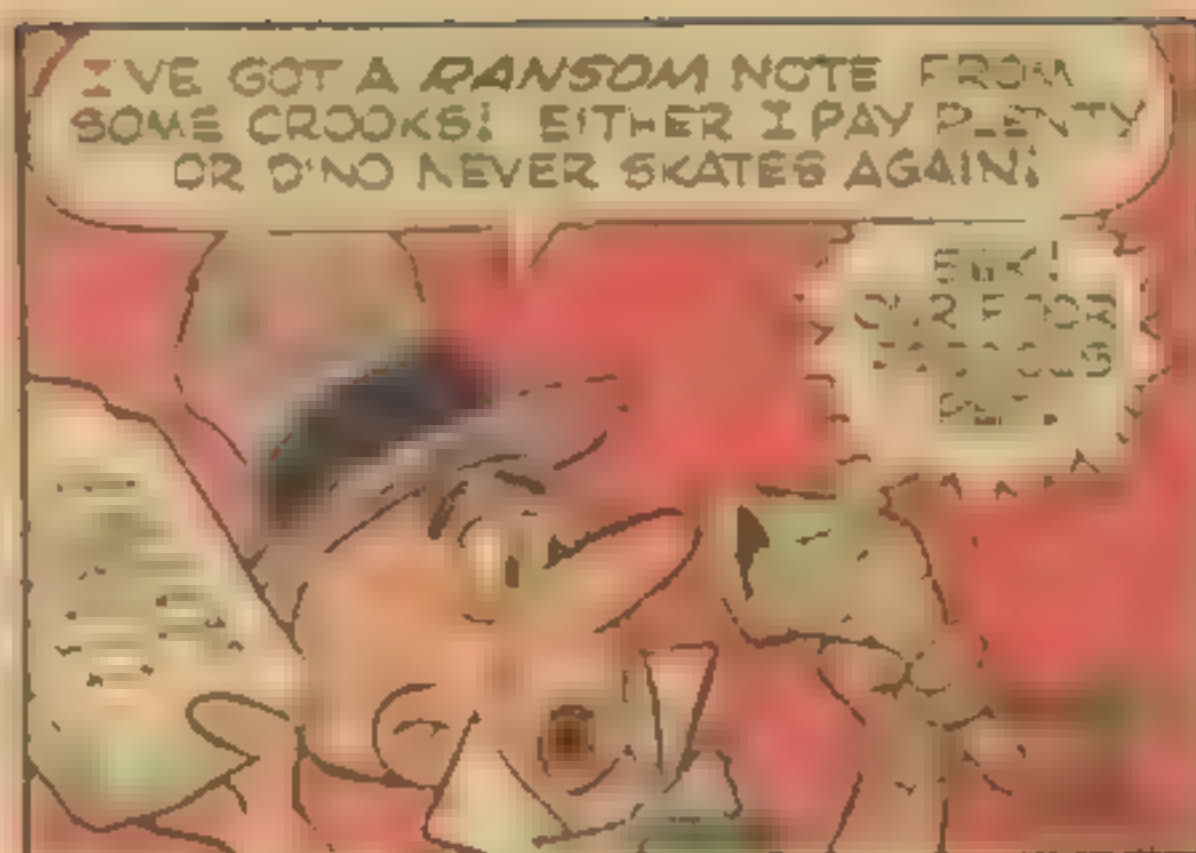
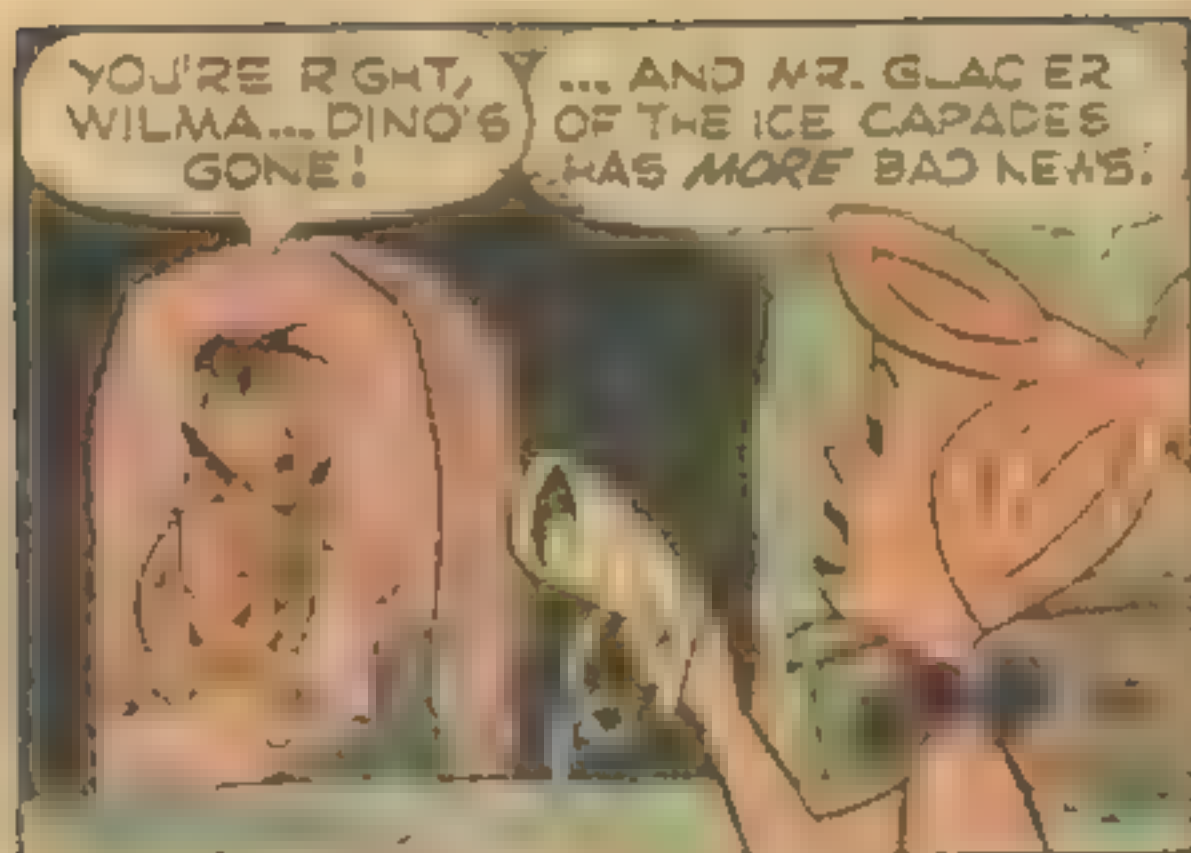






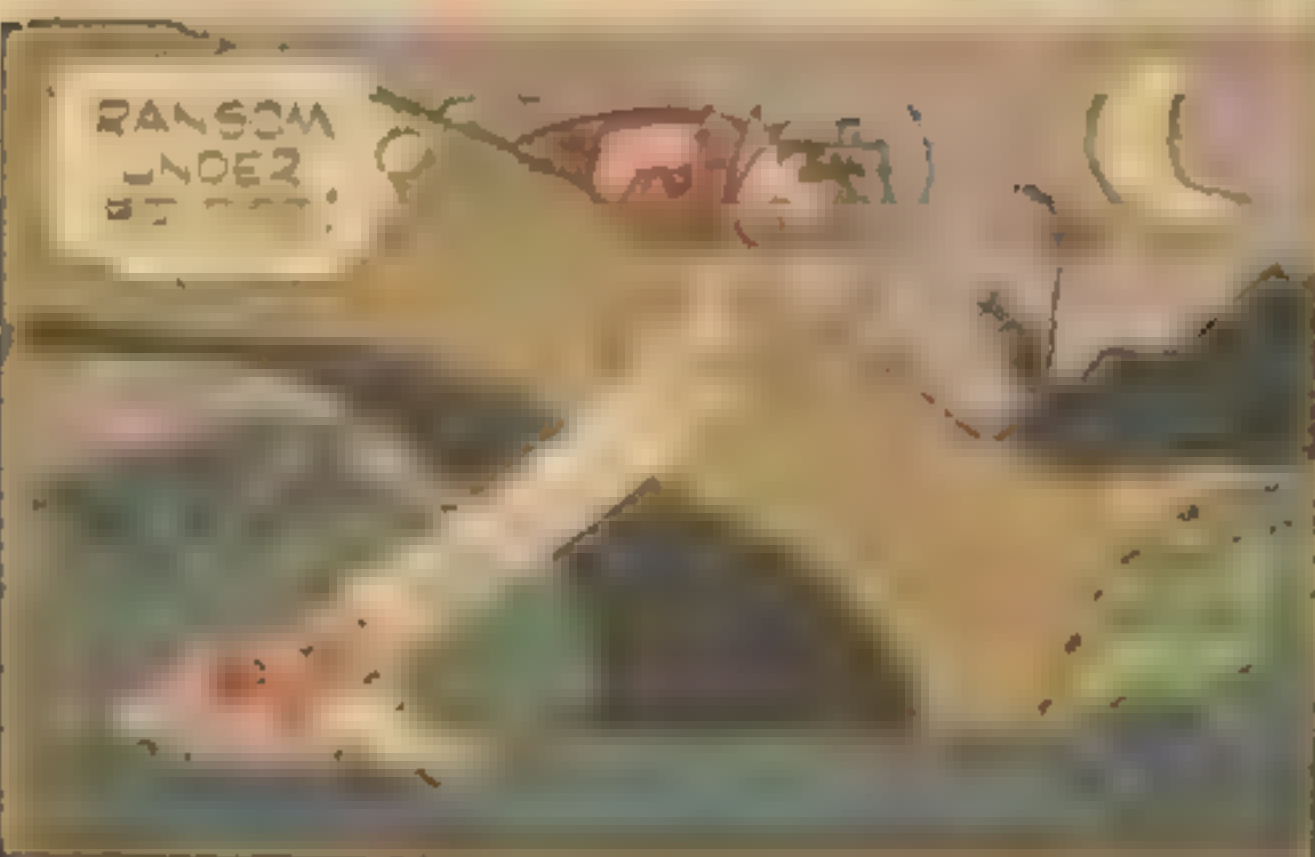
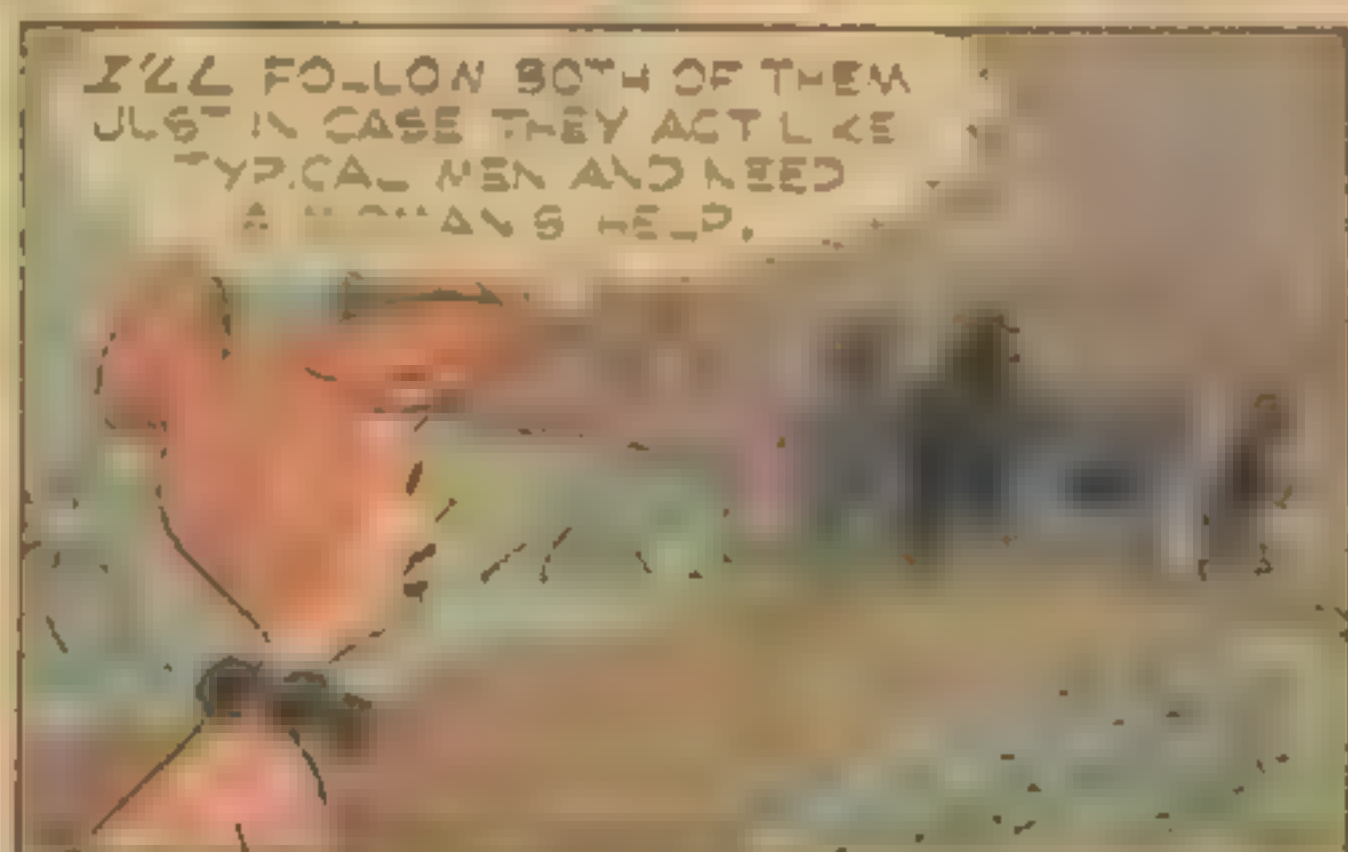
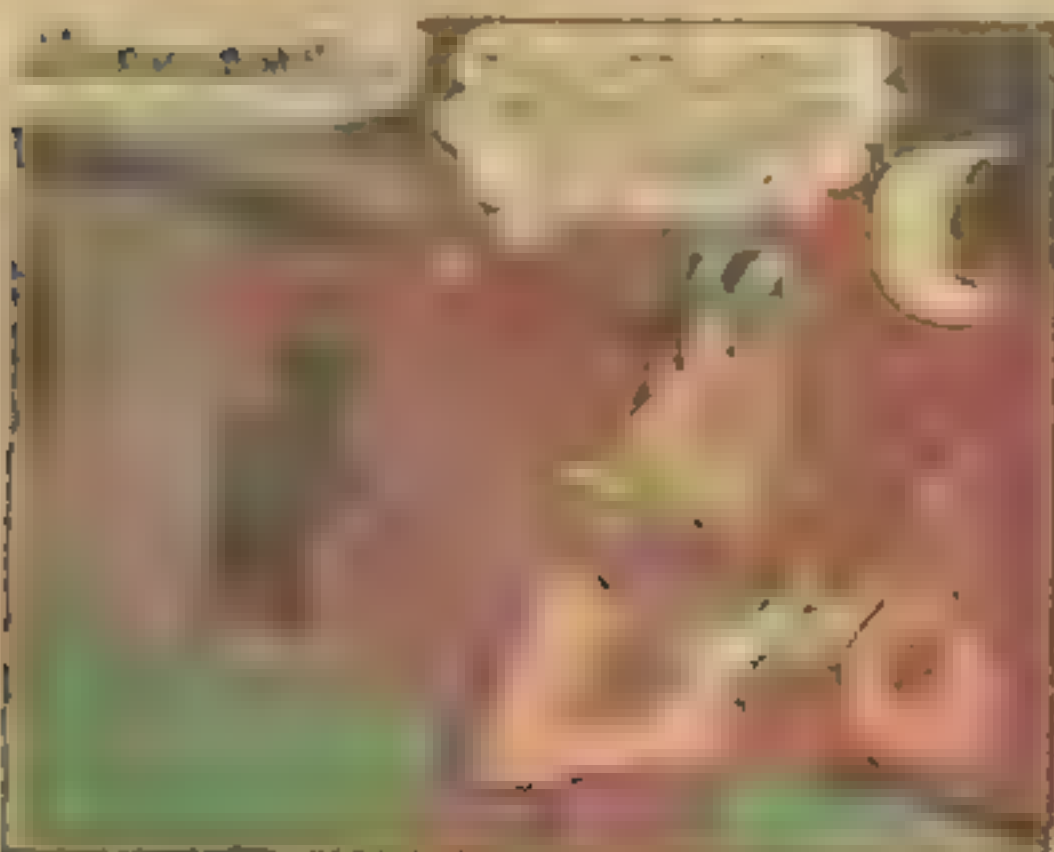
BUT ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT FRED HAS HIS VERY OWN PRIVATE SHOWING...

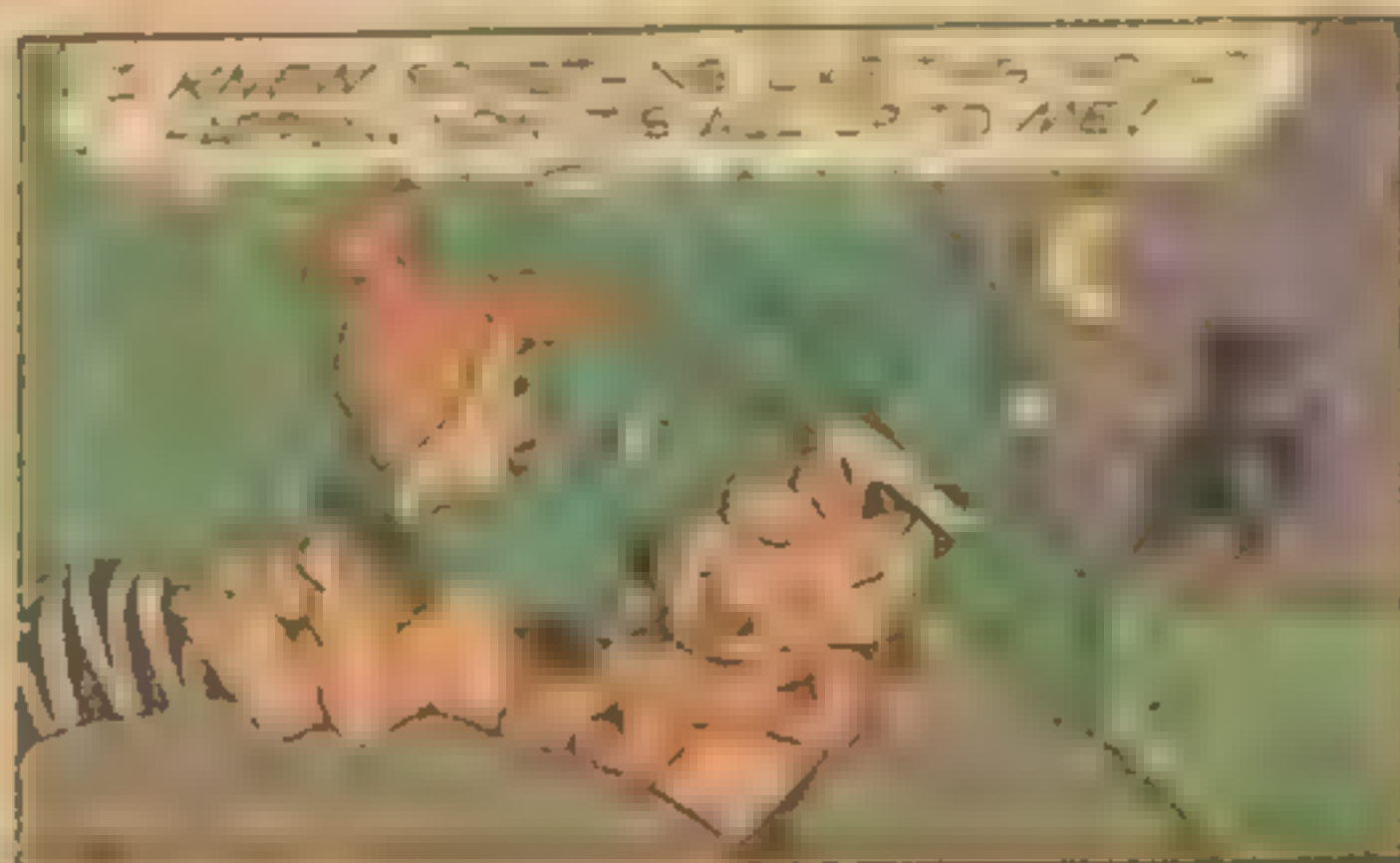
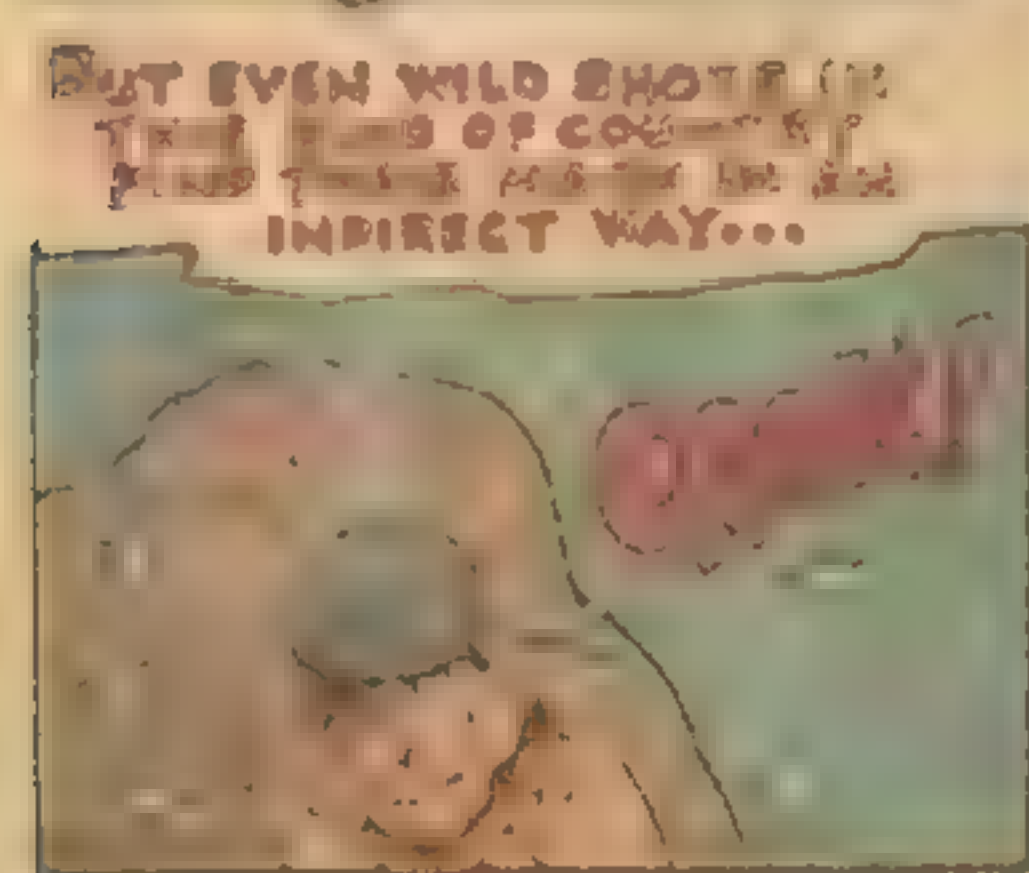
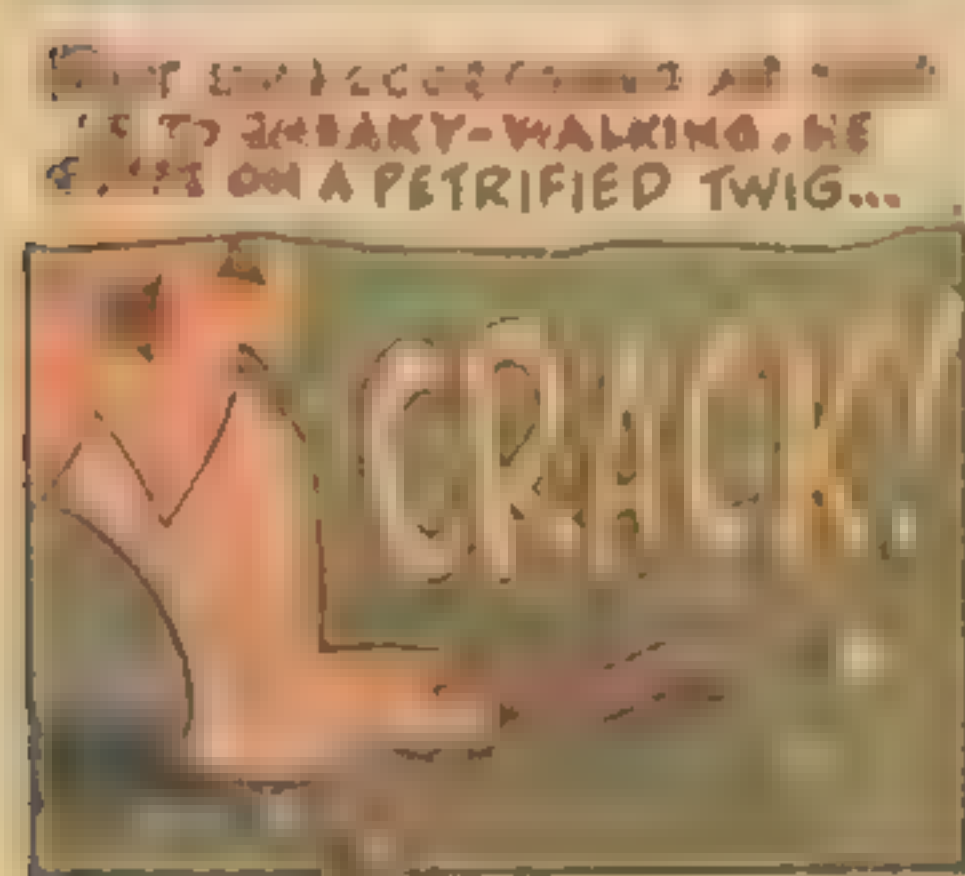
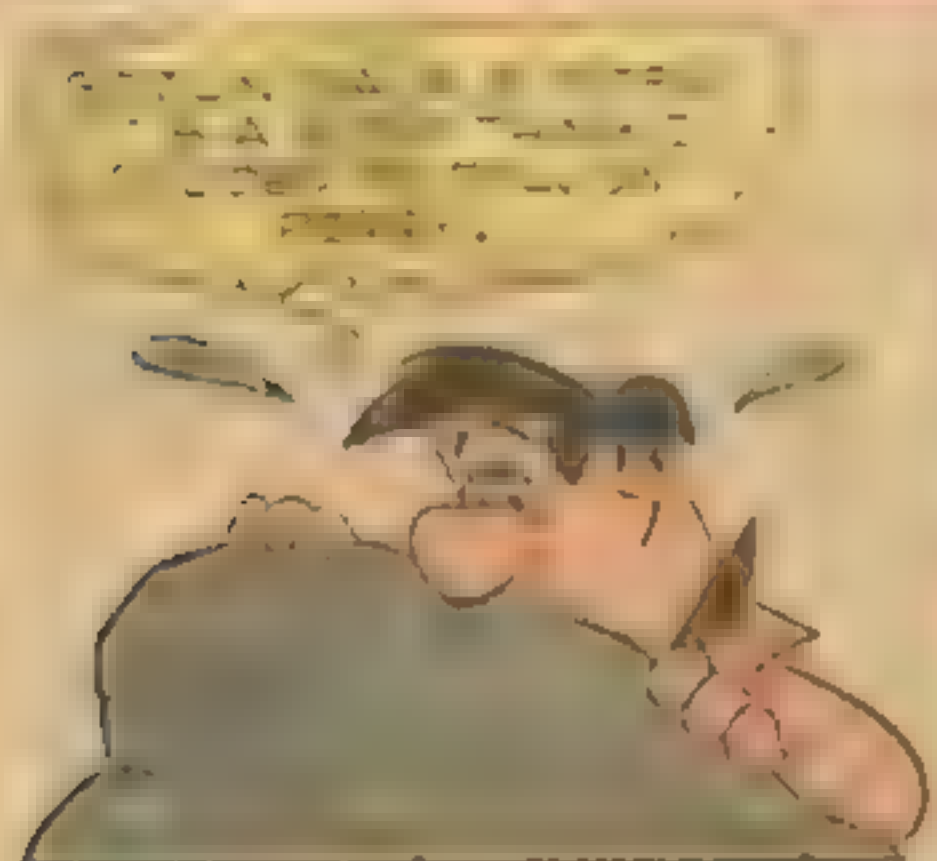
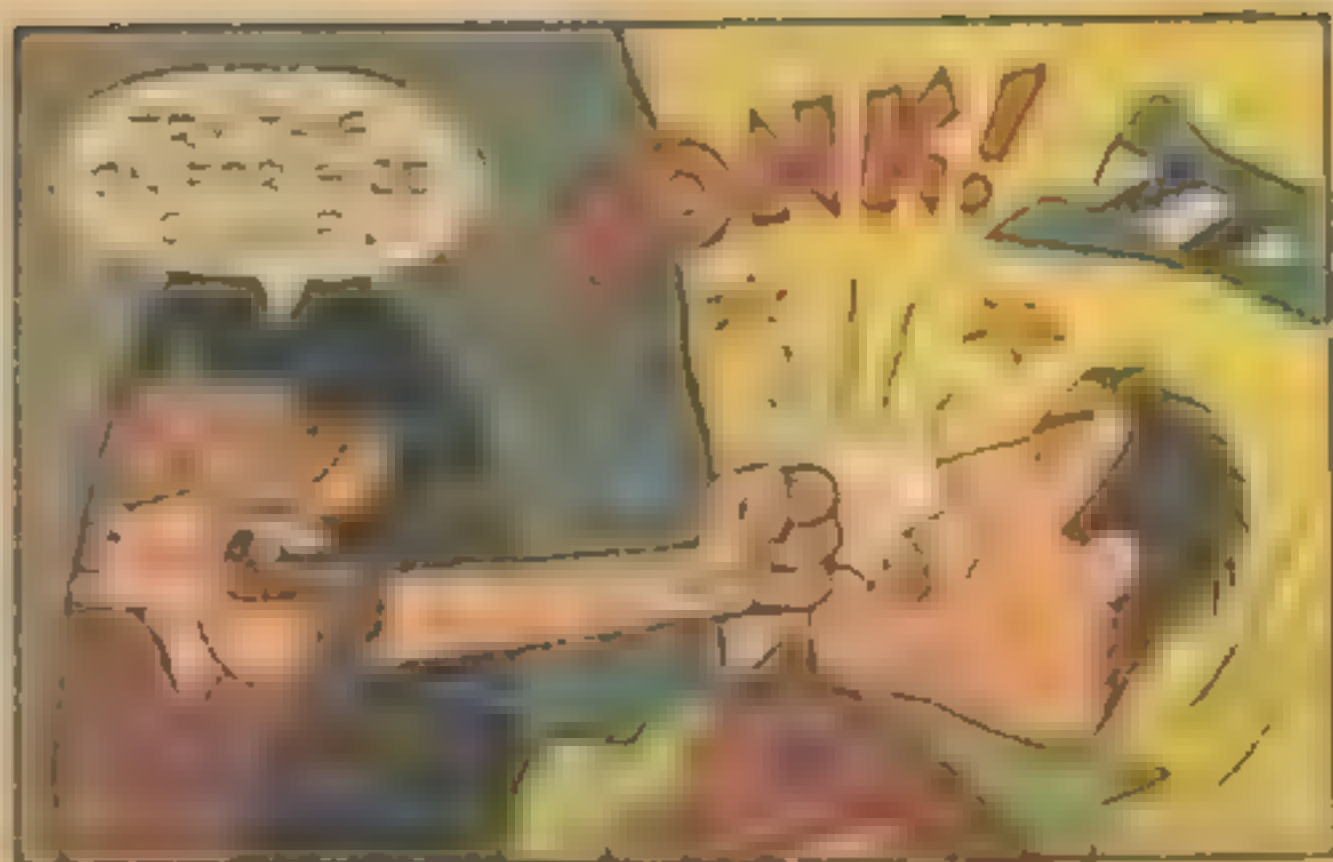
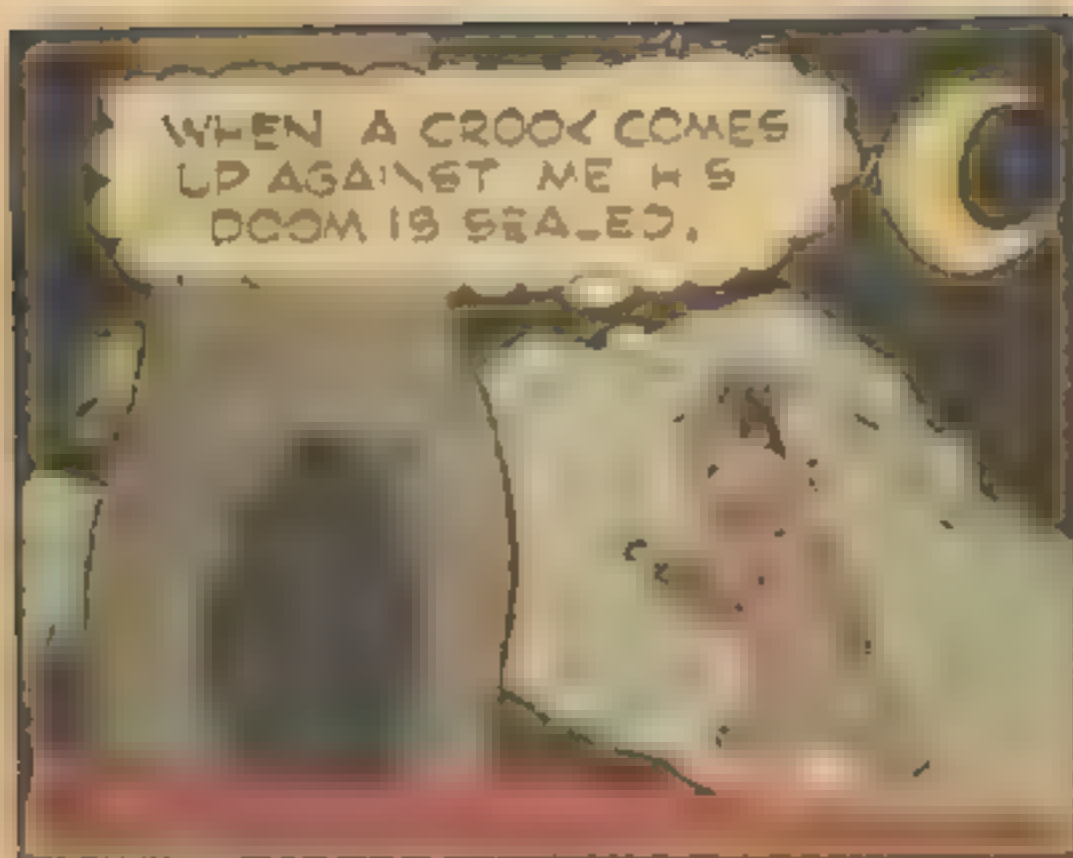


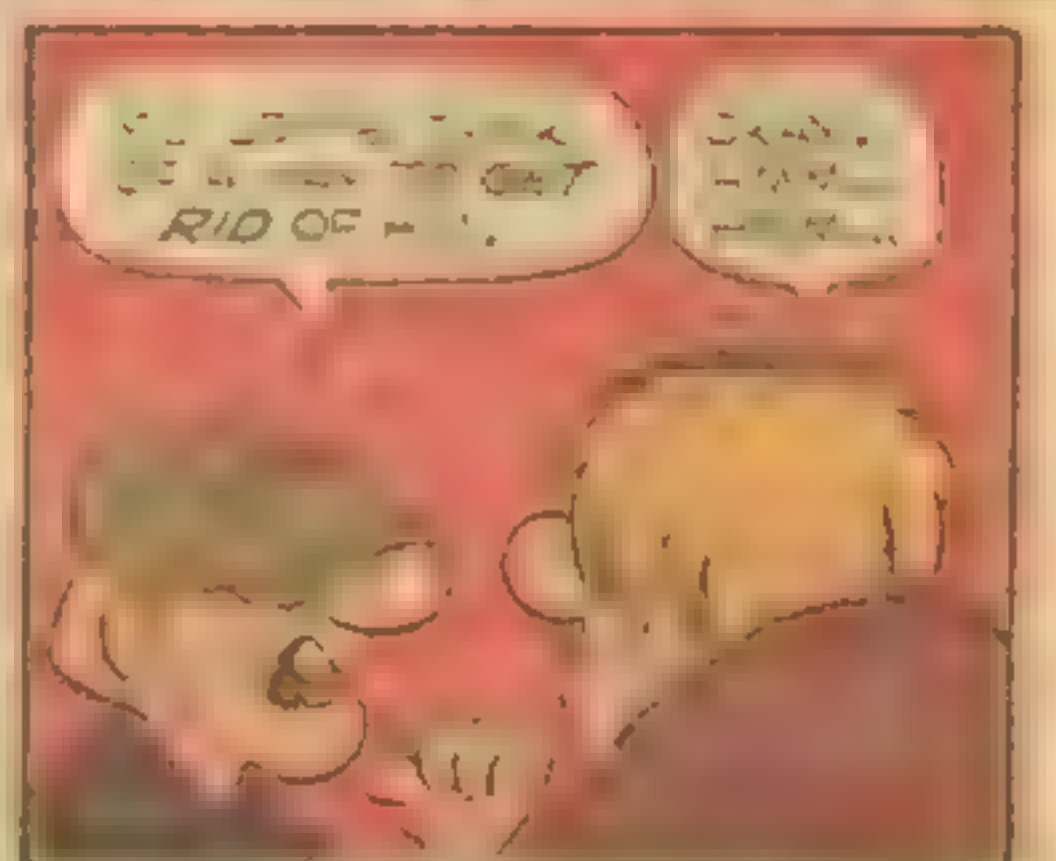
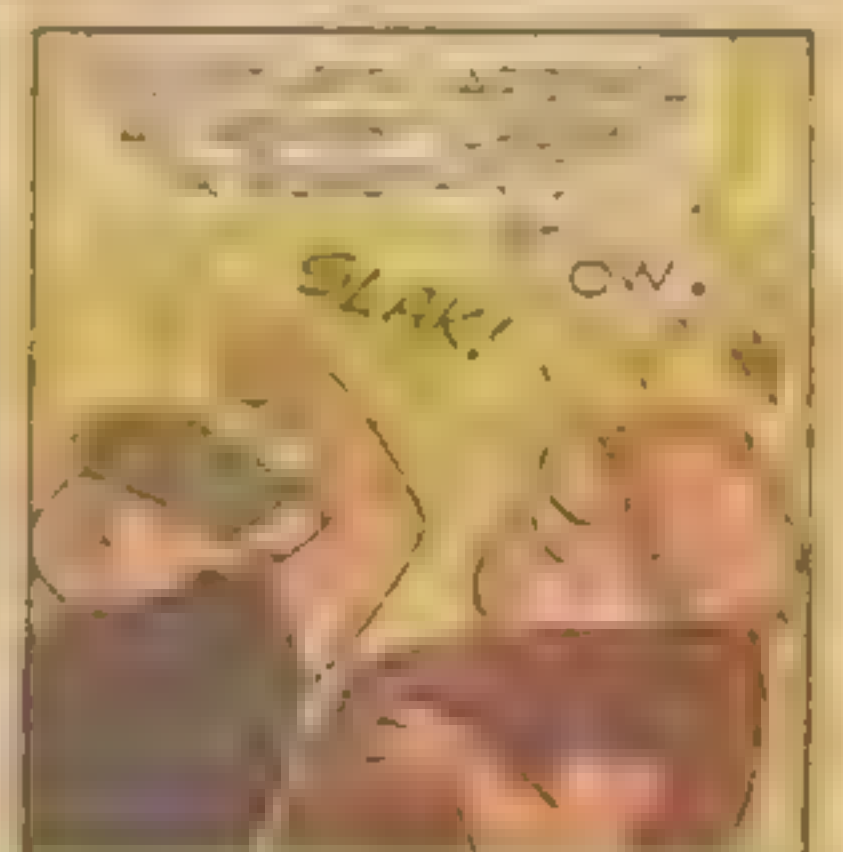
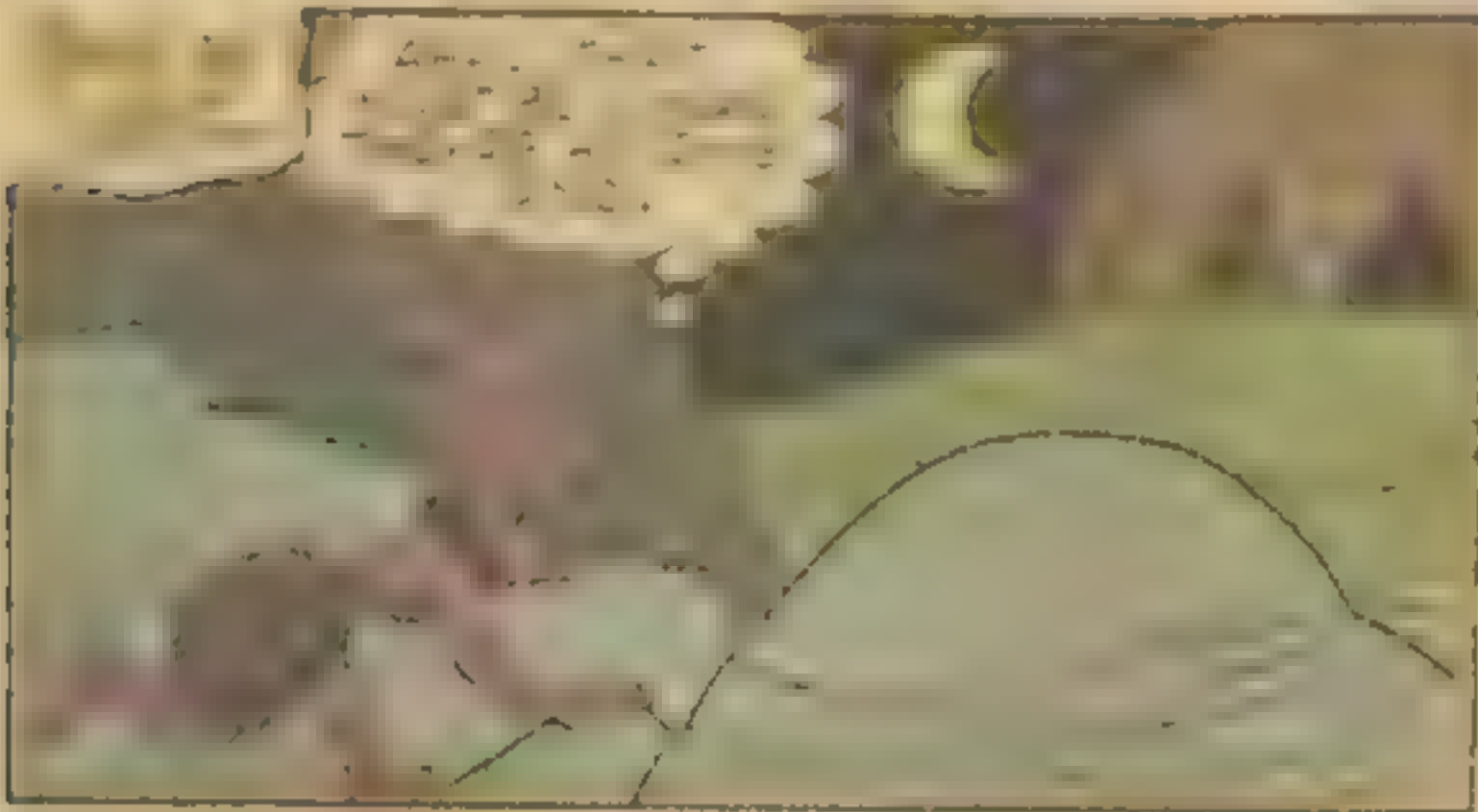
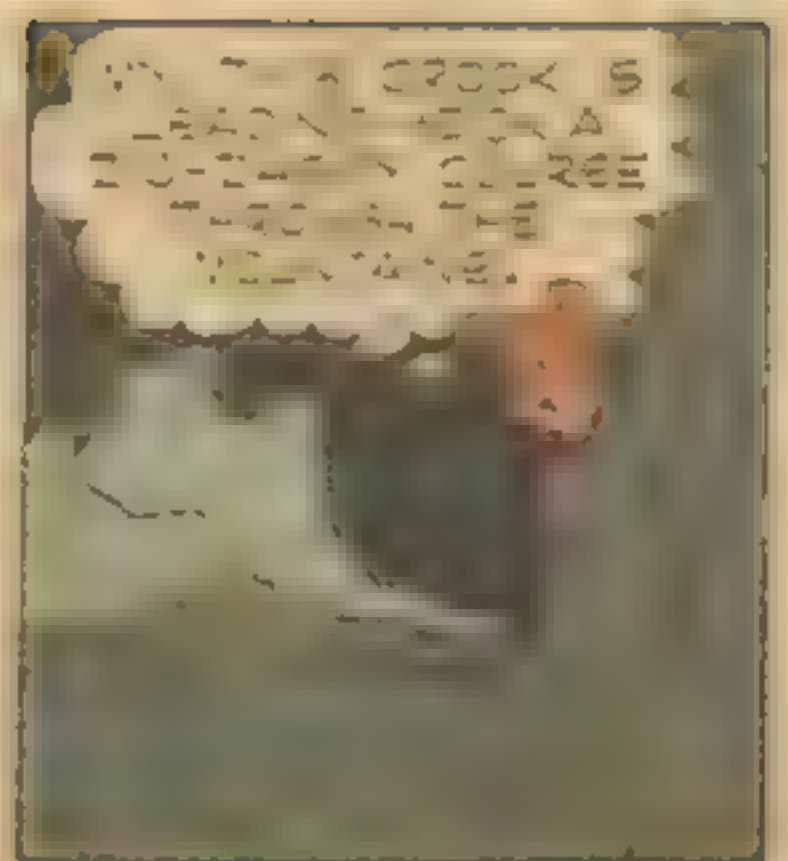


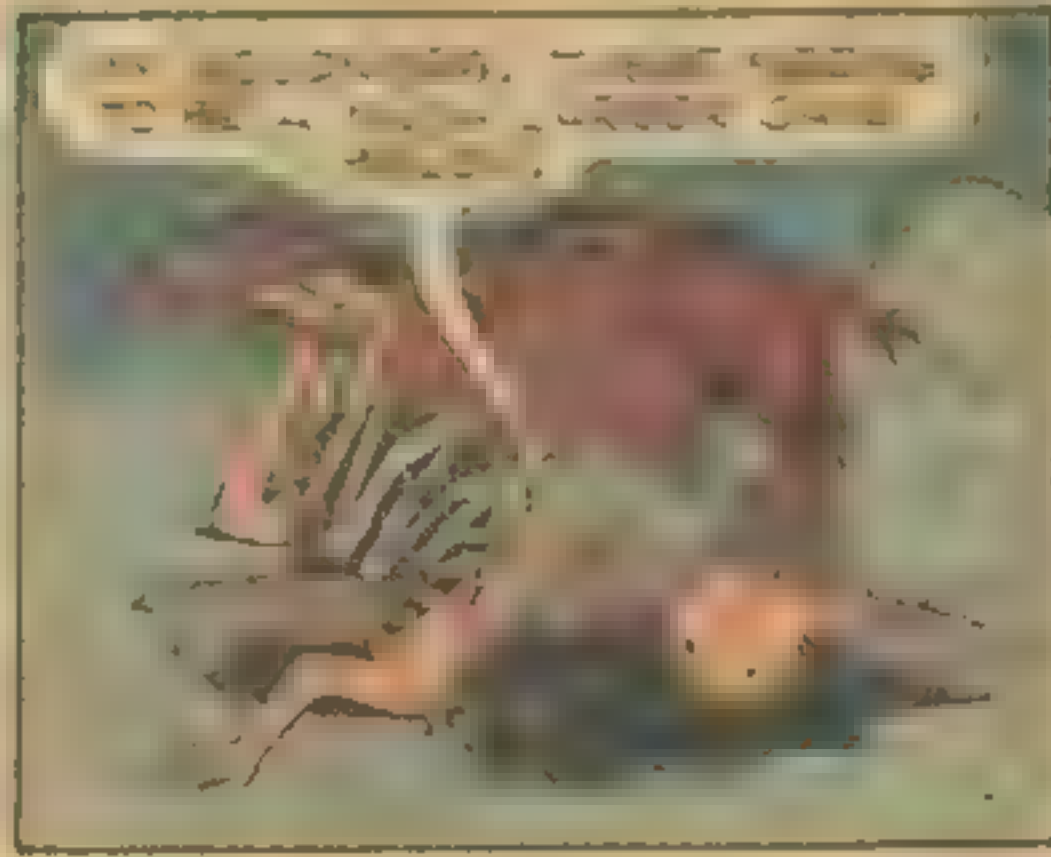
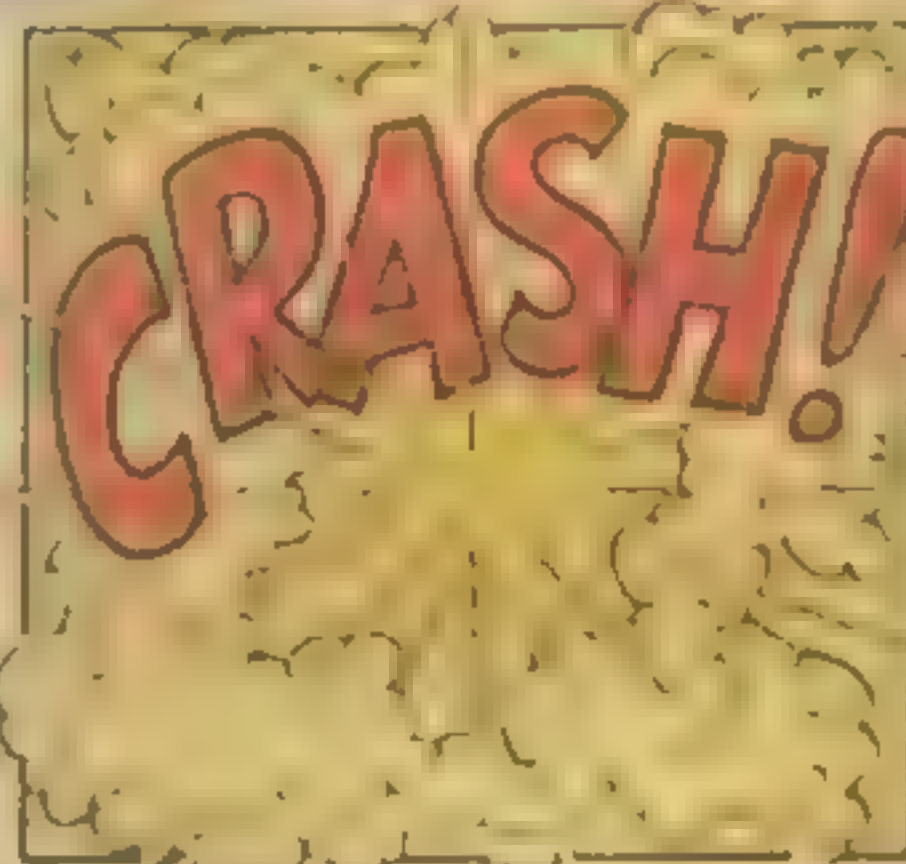
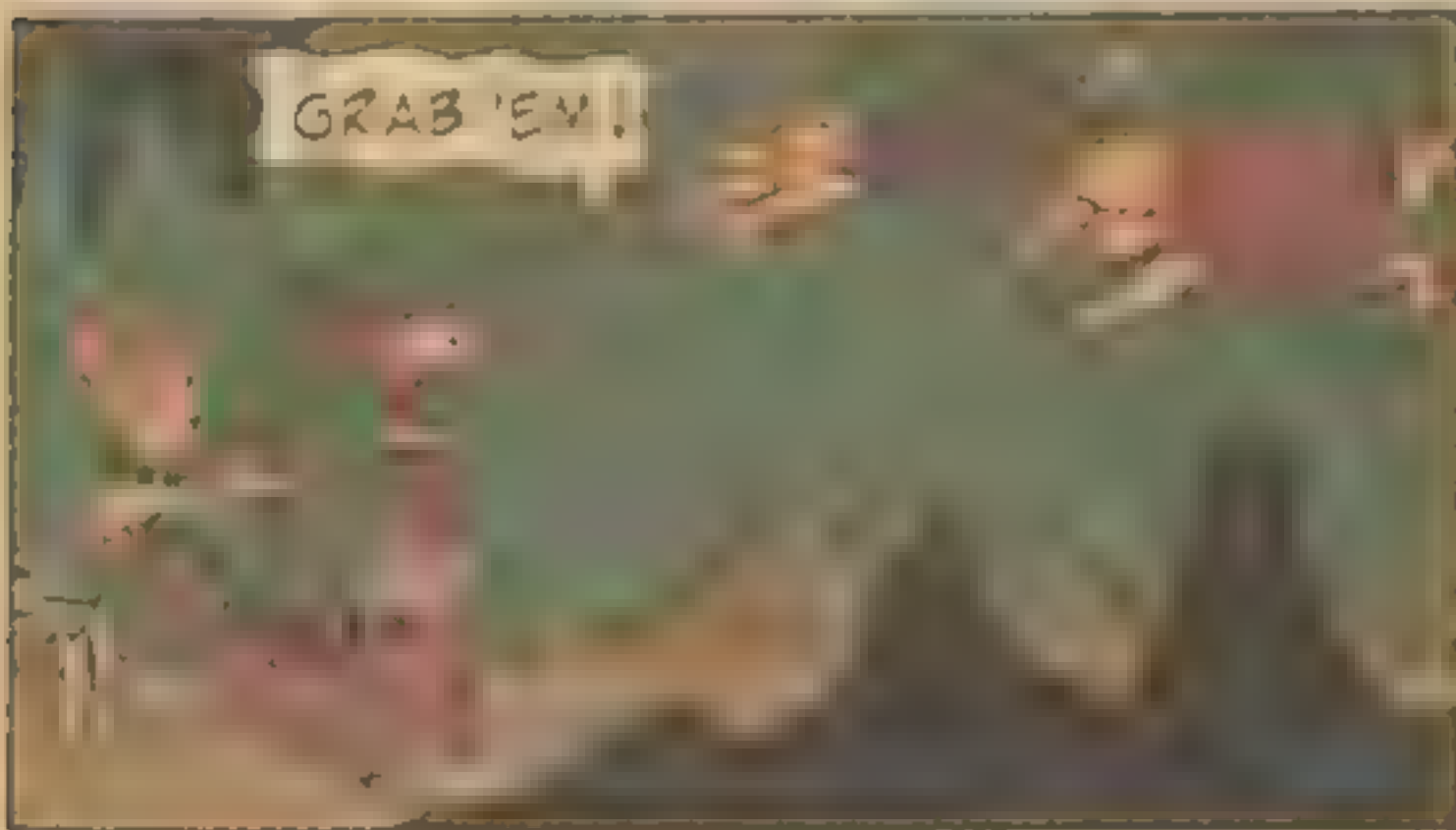
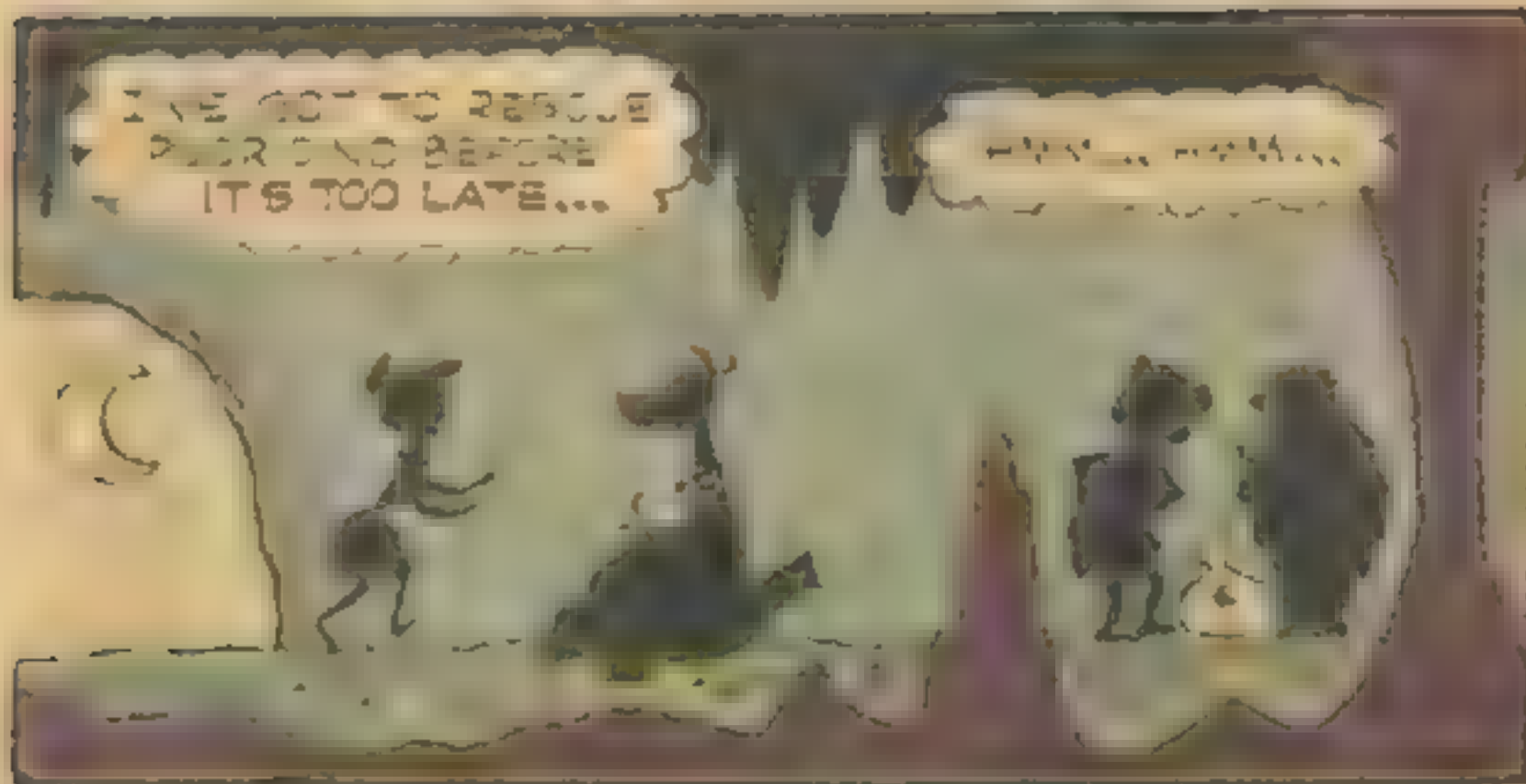


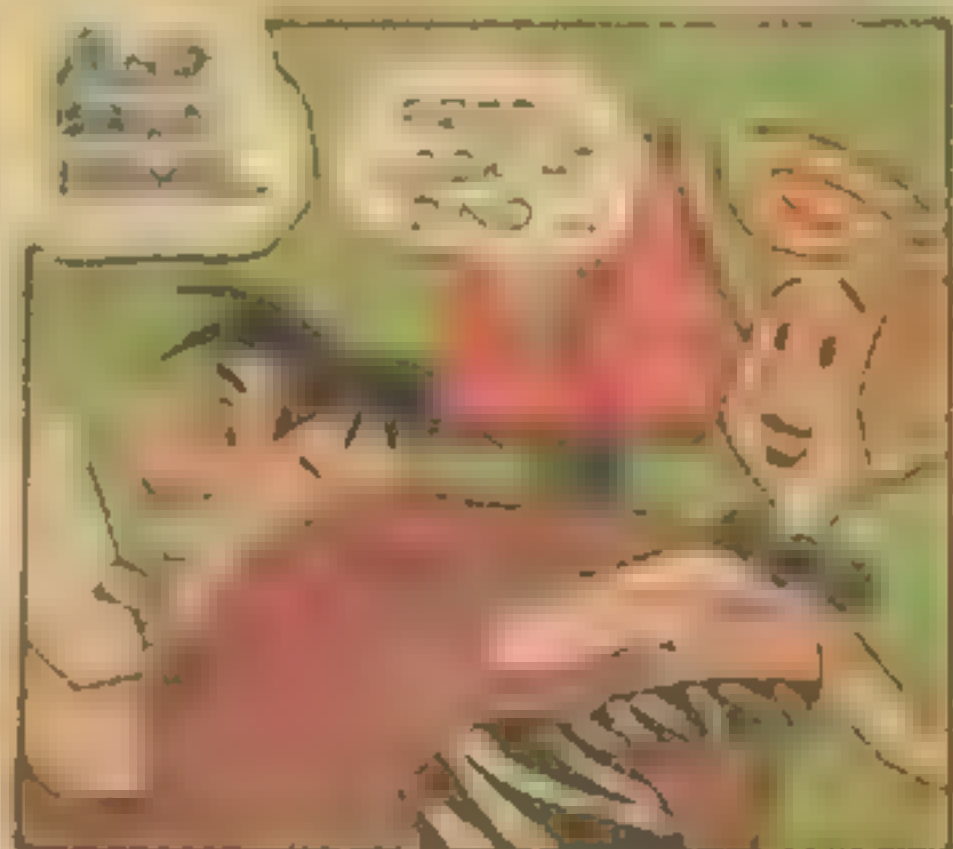
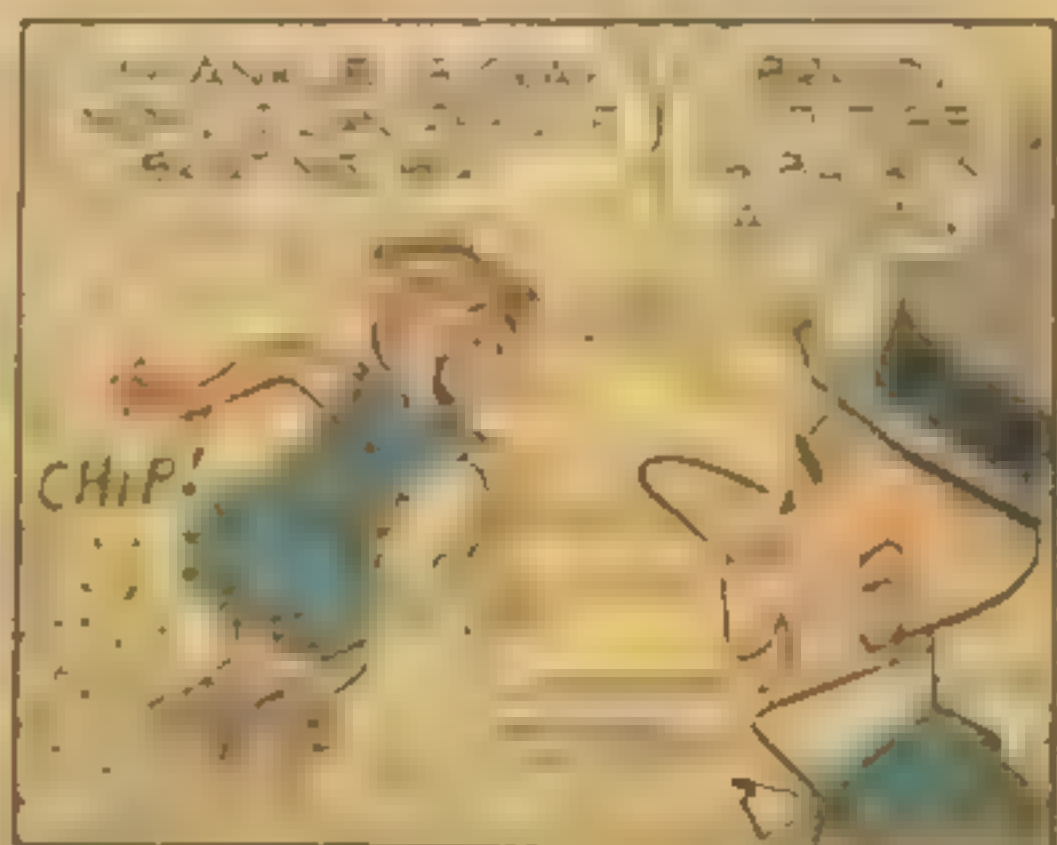
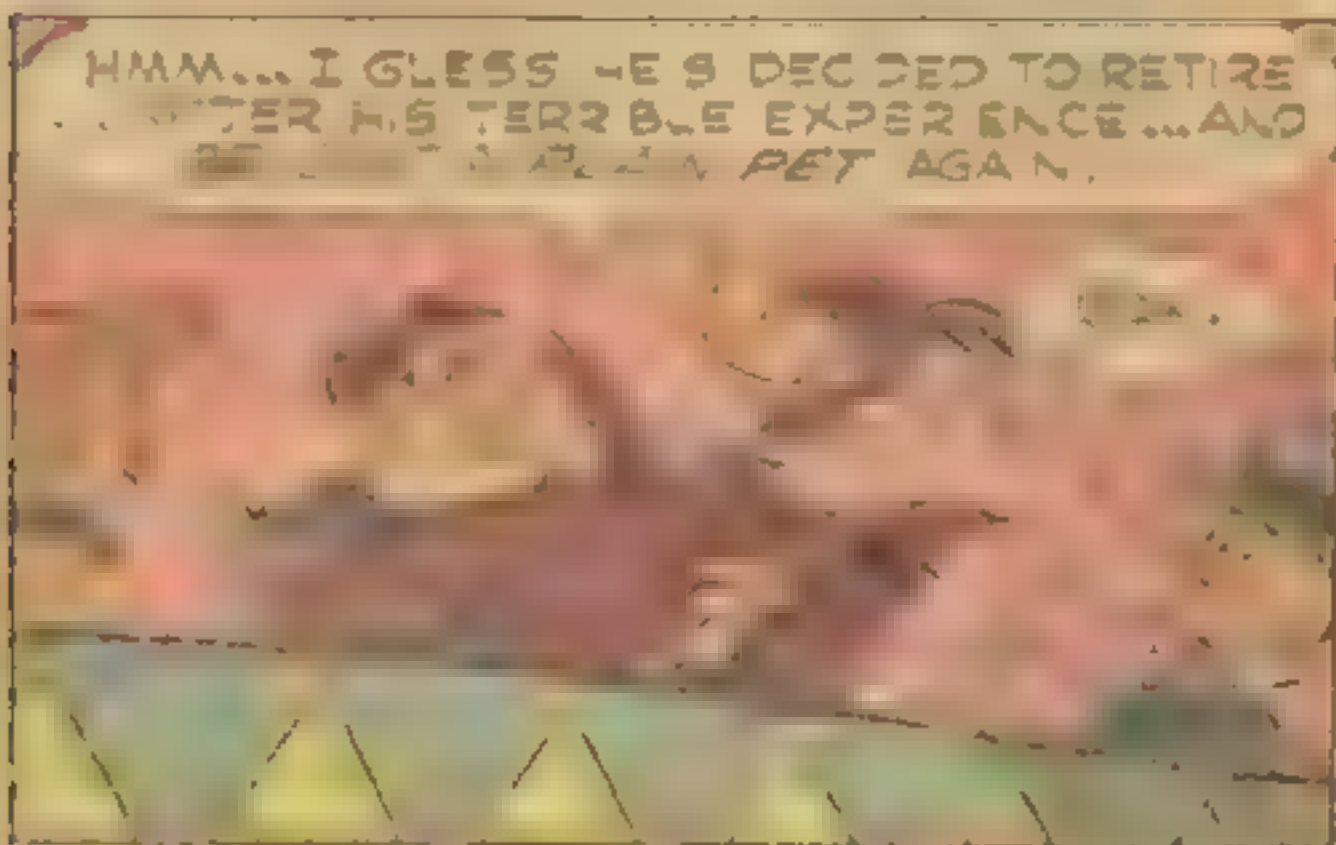
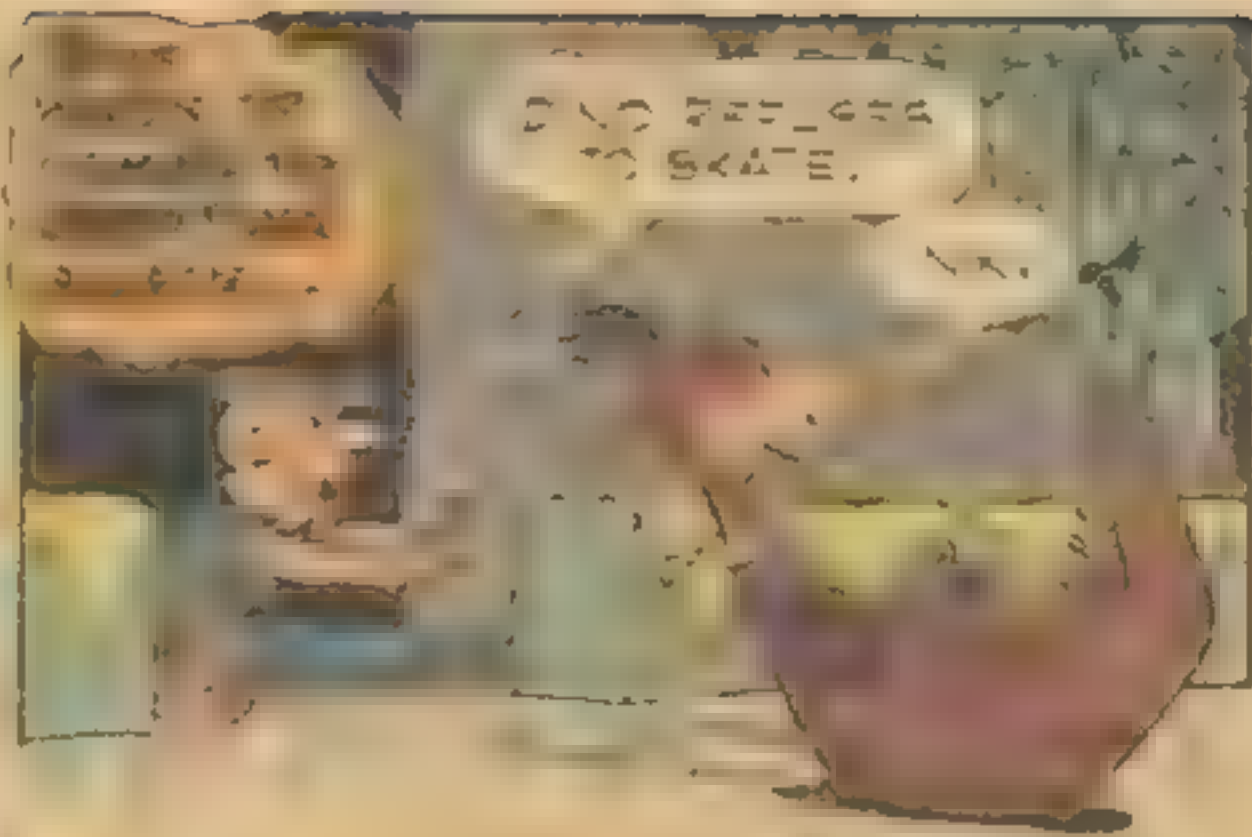
(FOLLOW THE CROOK TO HIS)











VACATION FRUSTRATION



"I need a vacation from my vocation!" said Perry Gunnote. "In the past week I solved four bank robberies, eleven jewel thefts, a dozen dog-nappings, and found ten missing children. I'm tired!"

Perry tried to think of a vacation place where he would not be faced with the possibility of having to solve a crime.

"It has to be a peaceful place, without a bank to be robbed, with no dogs to be napped, no jewels to be stolen, and with parents who keep their children from becoming lost in the parks," sighed Perry.

As he looked over the travel folders, he suddenly discovered that there was such a place in the world. It was a small tropical island called Gaboonia. The natives were a friendly, fun-loving lot, according to the information in the folder.

Perry lost no time getting aboard a raft, then a boat, and then a canoe. Eventually he arrived at Gaboonia, and the friendly-fun-loving natives were waiting to greet him. He was overwhelmed by their generous hospitality as they waded out to tow his canoe ashore.

"Welcome, friend!" smiled the chief. "As long as you will stay with us, our island is your island! We will feed you, entertain you and make you happy!"

"Wonderful..." Perry began, but before he could say any more, the friendly natives spread a huge banquet on the beach. Perry ate until he was so stuffed he could hardly move. As he was about to ask the chief if he could take a nap, the chief stood up and he clapped his hands. Out from the huts rushed a dozen men, each carrying a little boat. A boat race was begun, all for Perry's joy and entertainment.

Perry watched the races! He watched until the moon came up and until it set. And as the moon set, up came the sun and up jumped the chief, clapping his hands as before.

In moments another huge feast was set before Perry. What could he do? Well, he had to eat it, he could not offend the chief.

"Surely," Perry thought, "after this, the chief will let me rest."

Perry was wrong, for he was hurried off to hike up a mountain to see a volcano.

"We'll have another feast at the top," the chief smiled, patting Perry on the back.

Perry just groaned, and he groaned again.

As they approached the top of the mountain, the volcano blew its top. That was all Perry needed. He fled down the hill and ran for his very life.

When he reached the shore, he climbed in a canoe and paddled far out to sea, where he hitched a ride on a tramp-trading ship.

Perry had no worry about being treated in an overly friendly manner while he was on board the ship. The captain made him swab decks, wash dishes, clean portholes, and run errands day and night to pay his way back to home port.

By the time Perry got home, he was a man with different ideas about vacations. When he walked into his office and found that he had two bank robberies to solve, he did not mind a bit.

"Chasing crooks will be a real pleasure compared to the hospitality of the natives in Gaboonia and the slaving I did on the ship," smiled Perry Gunnote, as he put on his crook-chasing badge and dove into his work with new vigor.

The frustration of his vacation had made his job seem like a vocation of recreation.



Hanna Barbera
THE
FLINTSTONES

FRED, THE PICTURE
SUDDENLY STARTED TO
ACT UP! WOULD
YOU CHECK IT?

ANTENNA!
THE FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

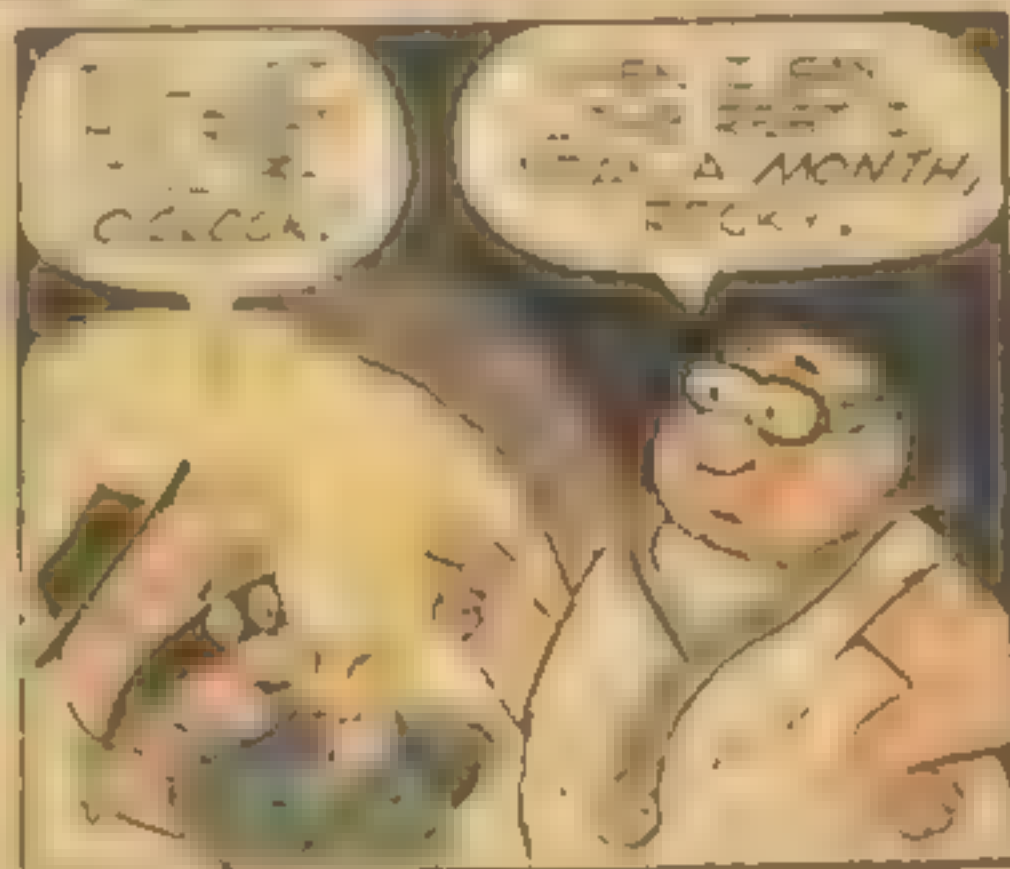
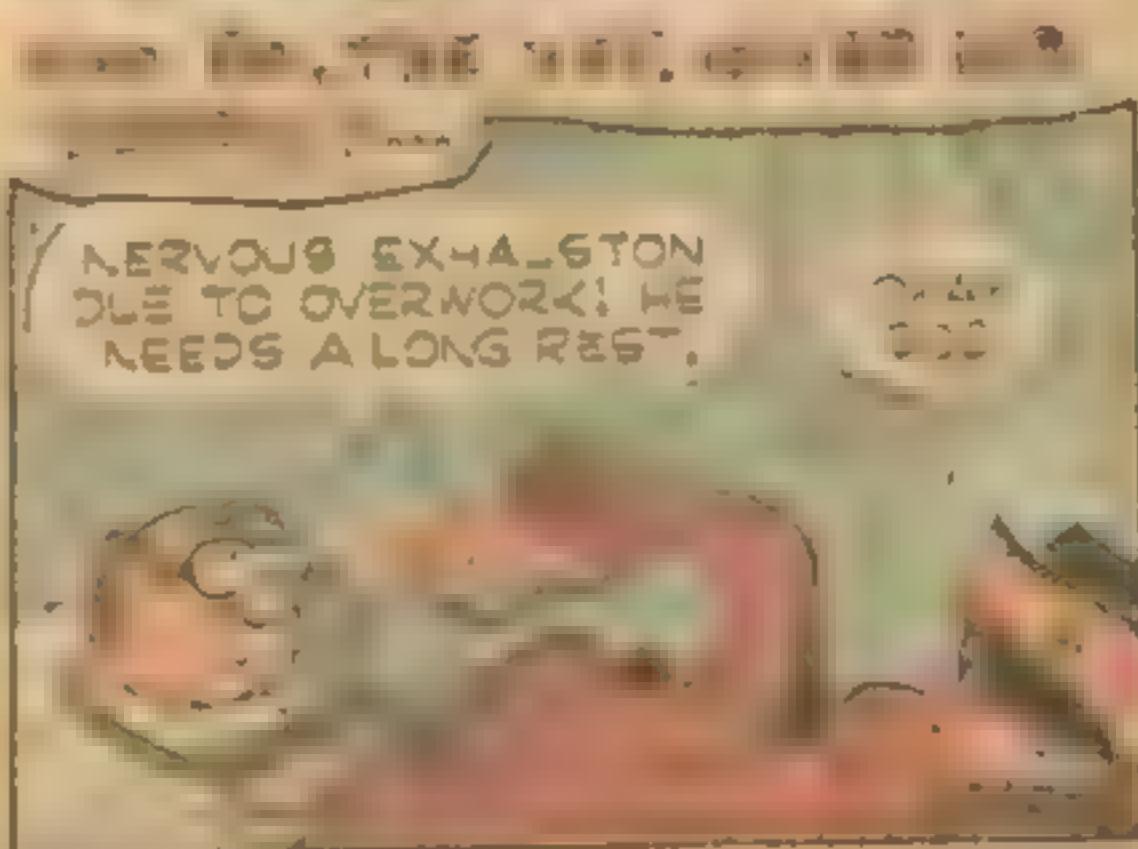
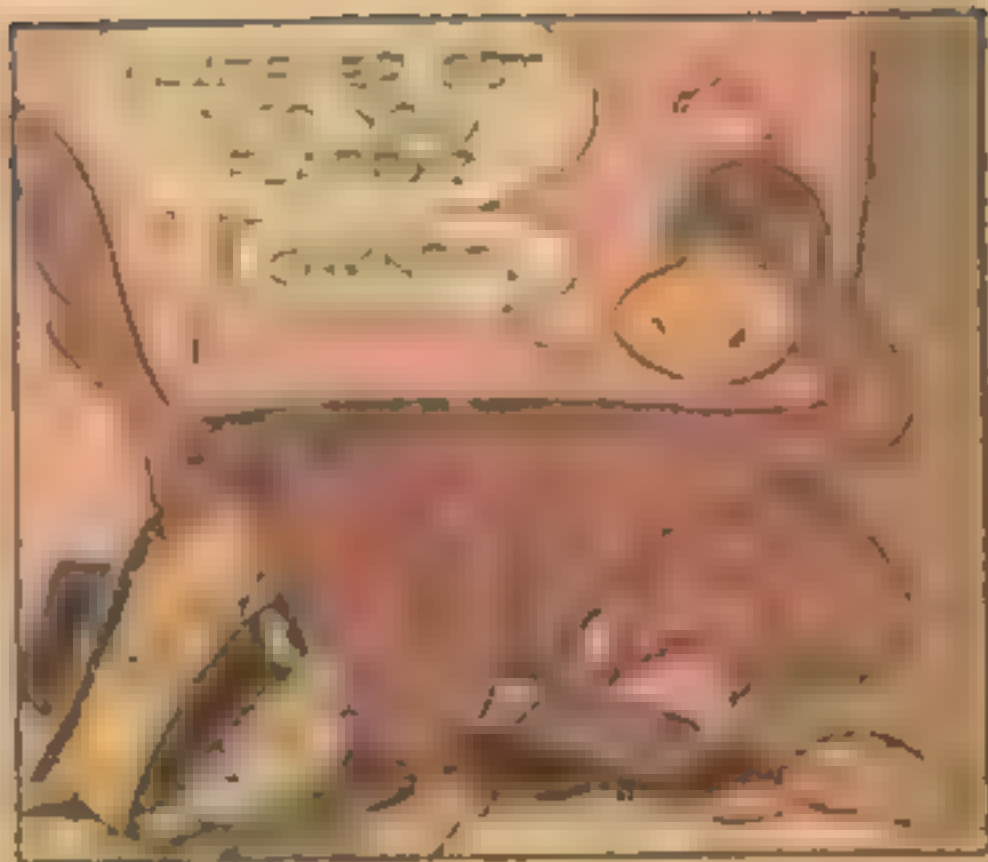
Rocky's Rocky Day

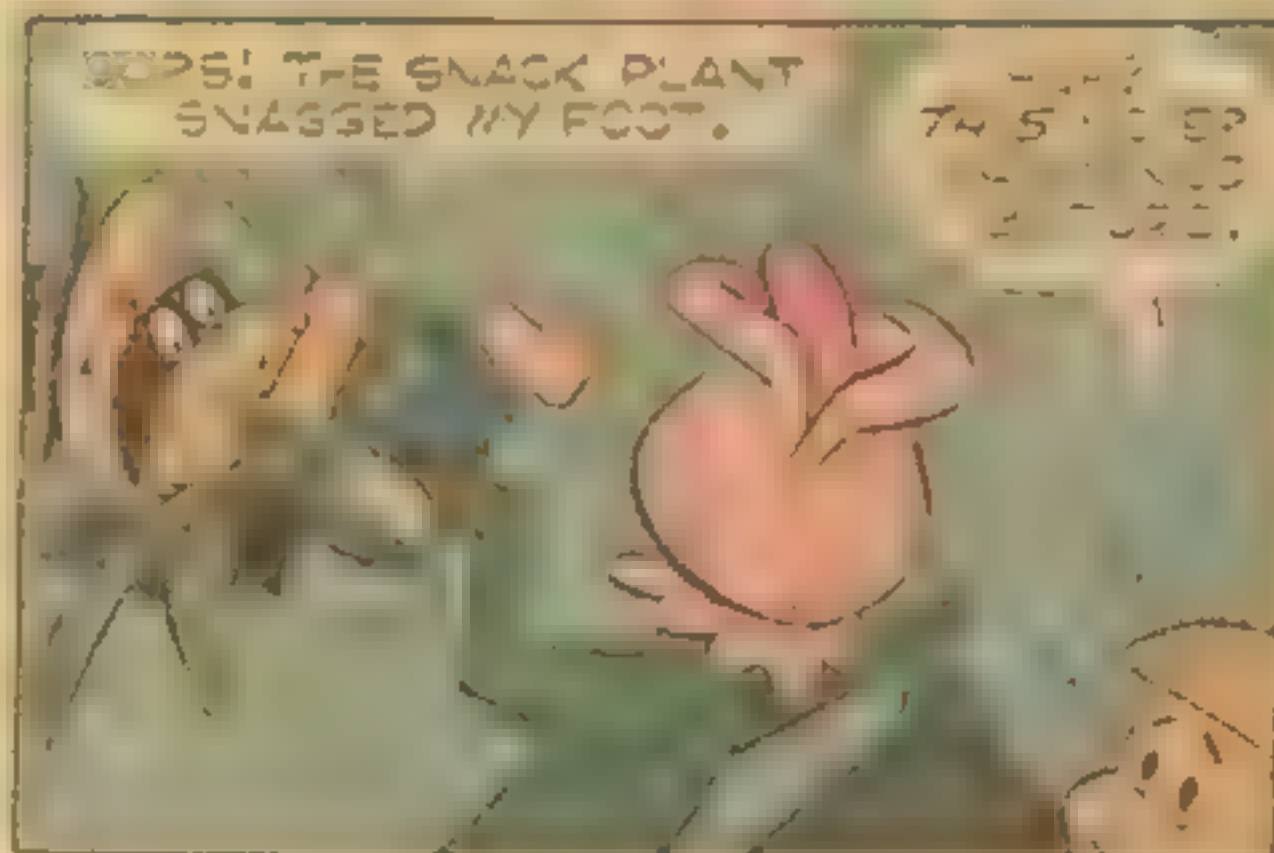
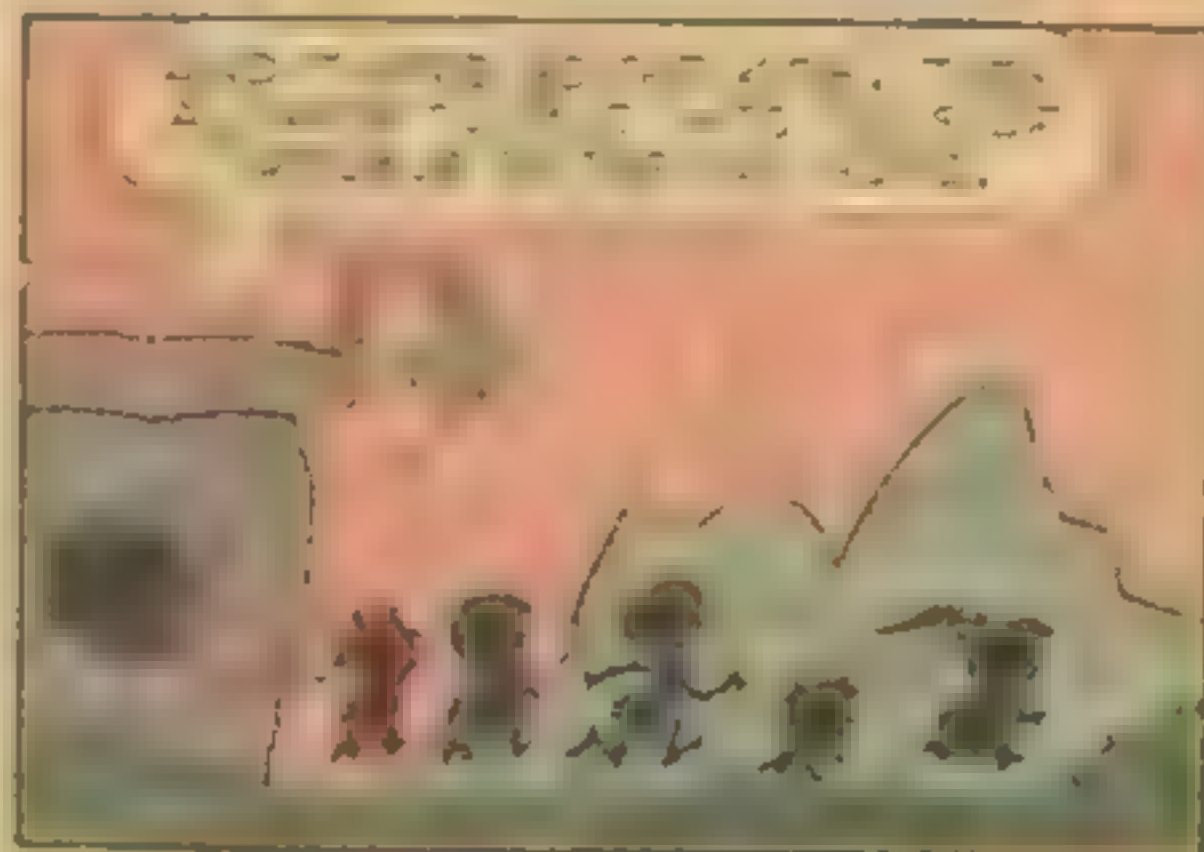
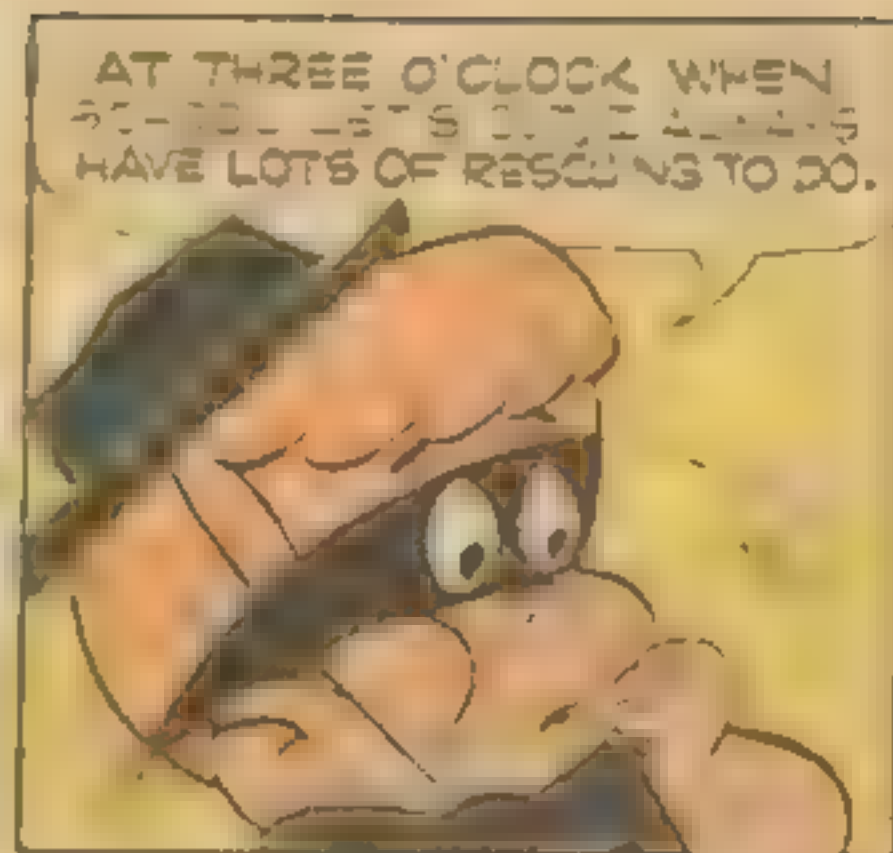
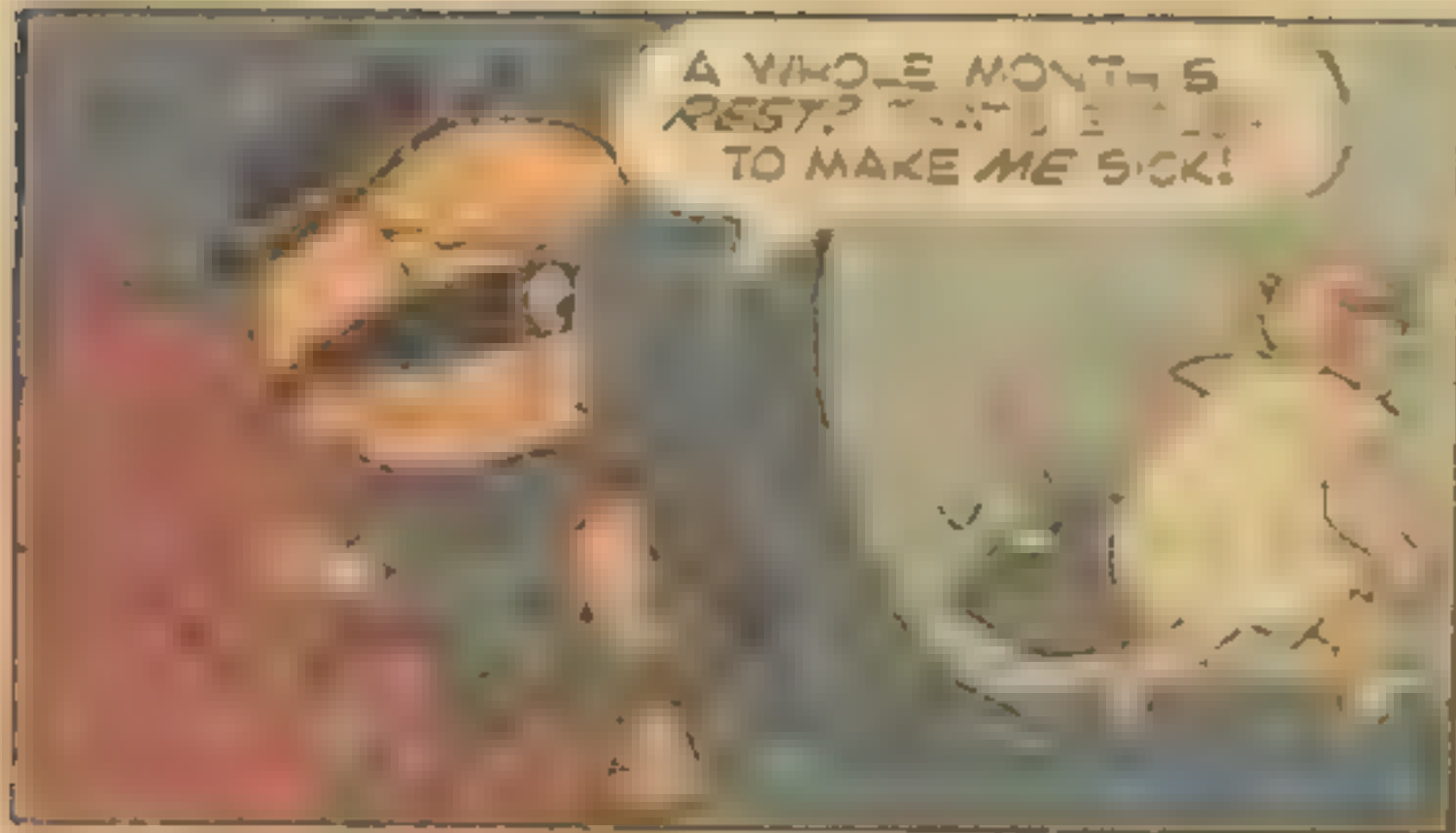
ROCKY RAN TO THE RECKLE.

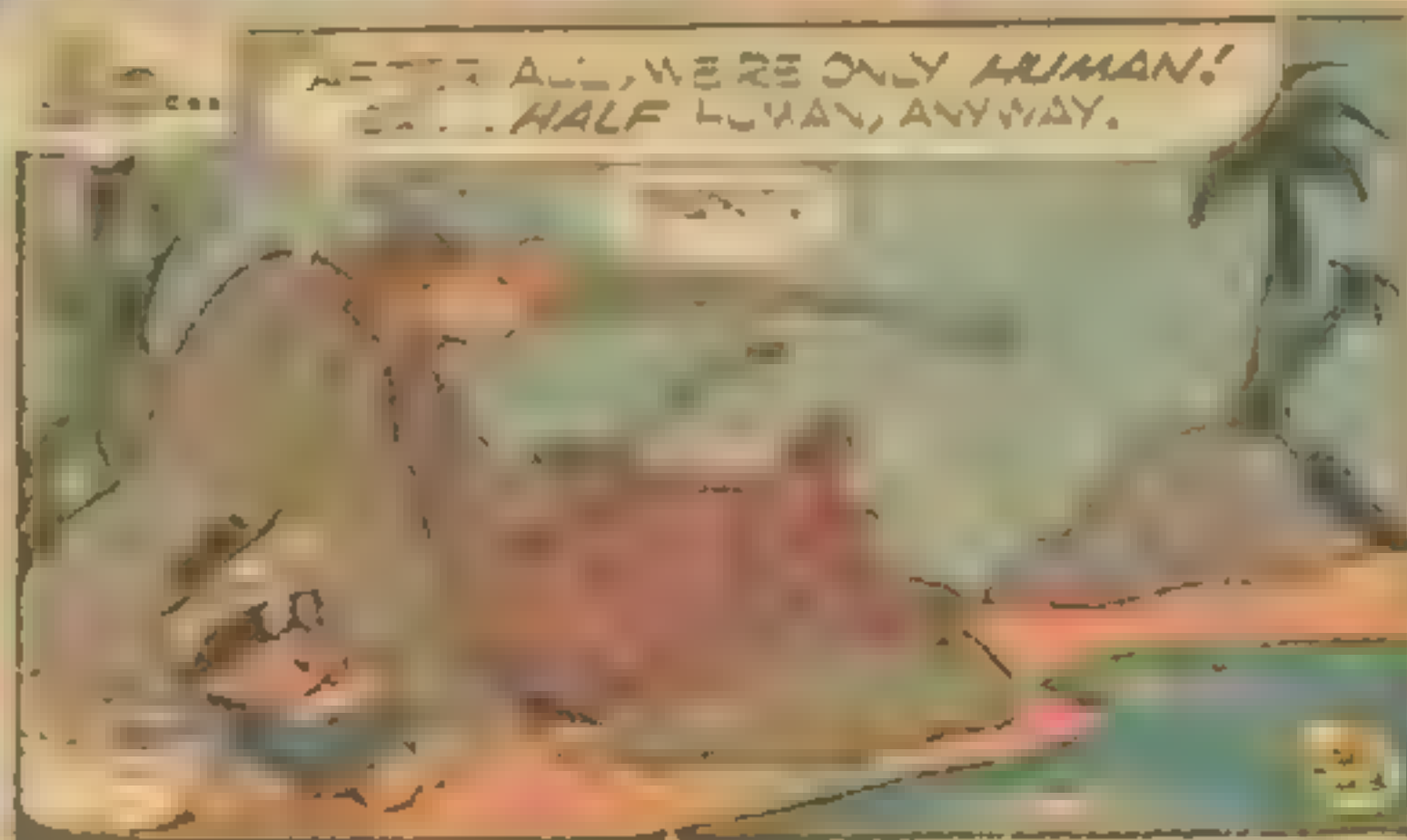
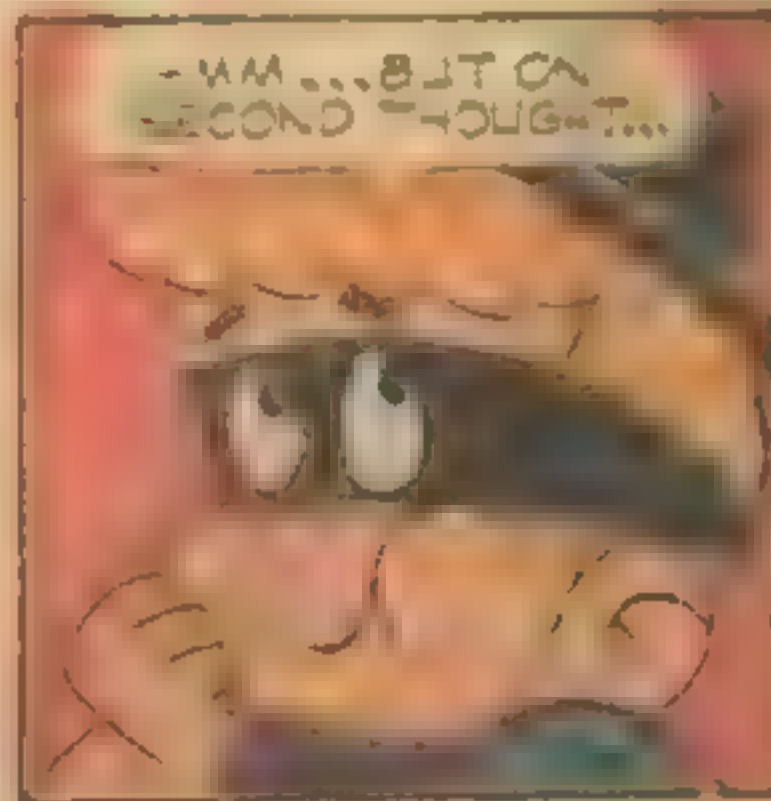


WE'LL MAKE SHORT WORK









Wally Tunham
THE FLINTSTONES

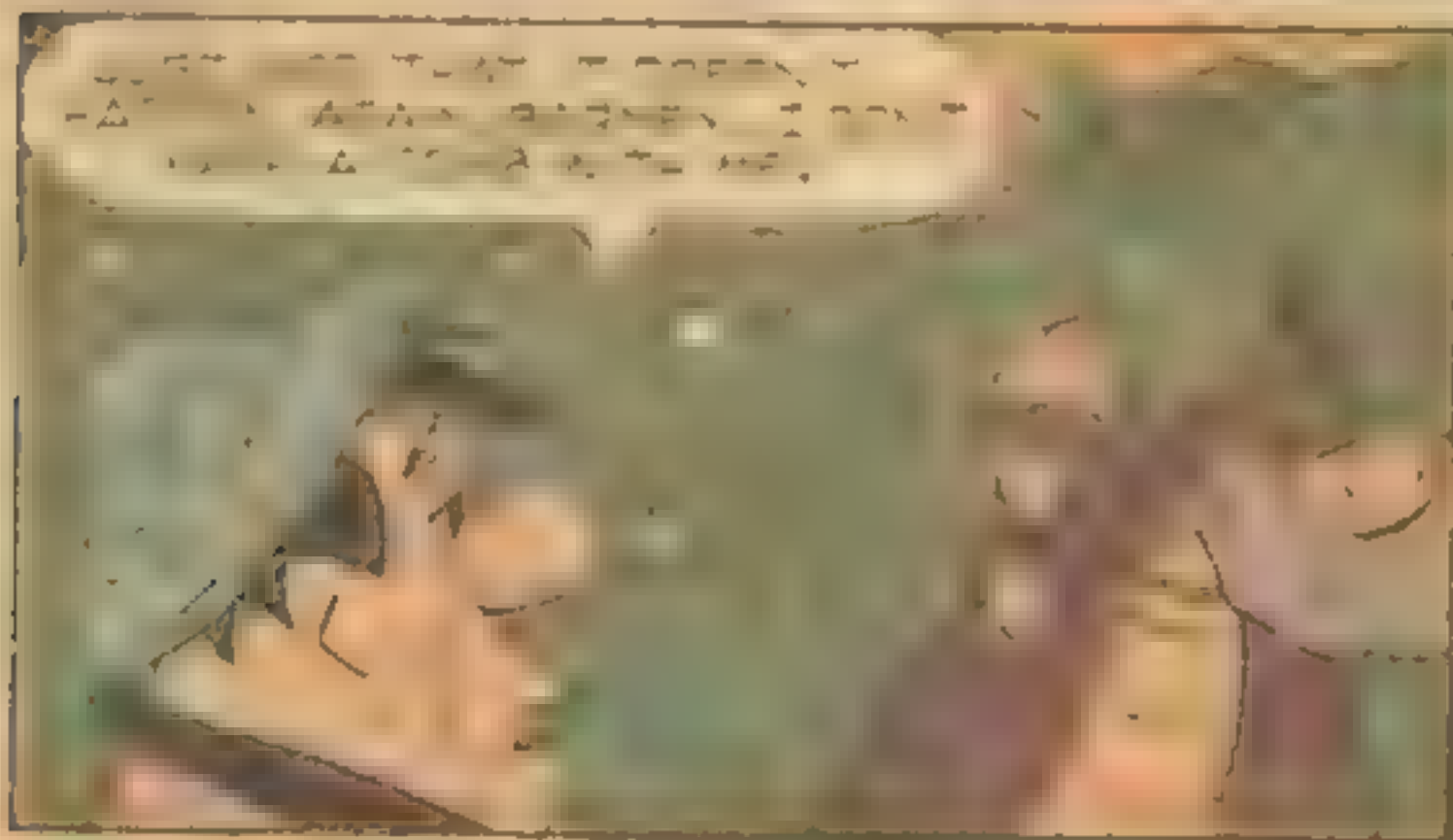
The MONSTER-SAURUS OF GIANT VALLEY

THE BAIT IS SET
AND BARNEY ARE
WAITING FOR THE
MONSTER-SAURUS
TO FALL INTO THE TRAP...

OOPS E-DROPS E. DADDY MY
SAURUS, FRED... S MOUTH S
ALL THINGS.

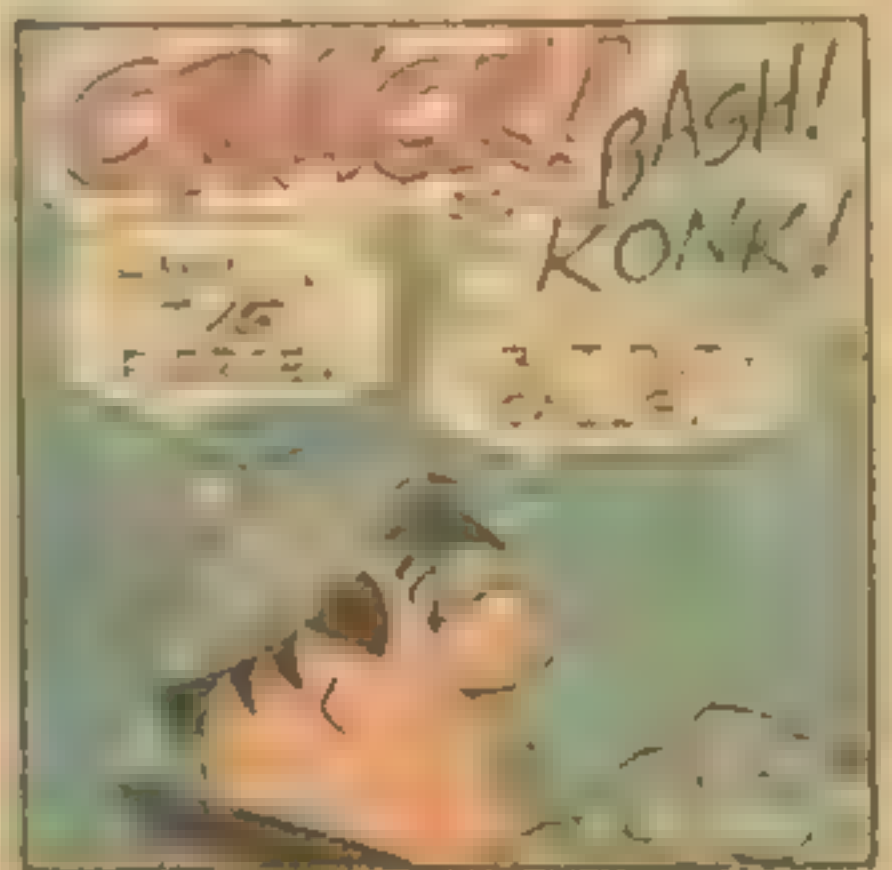
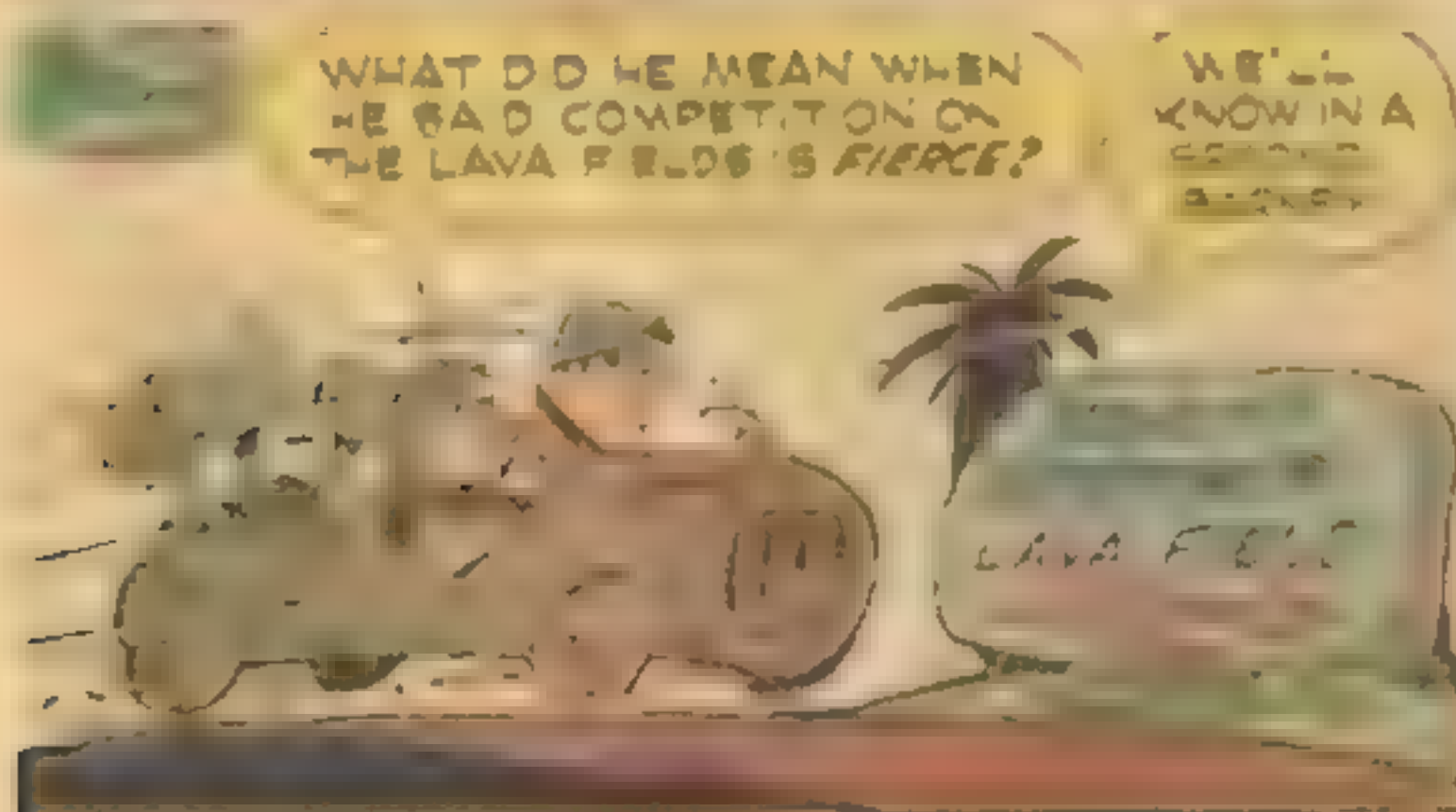
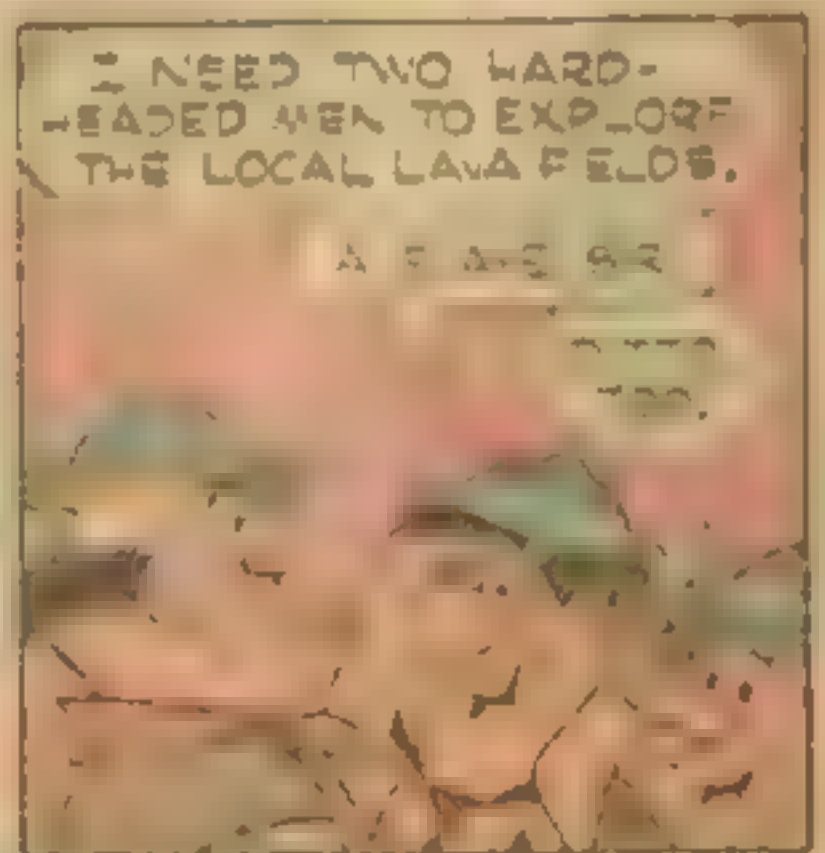
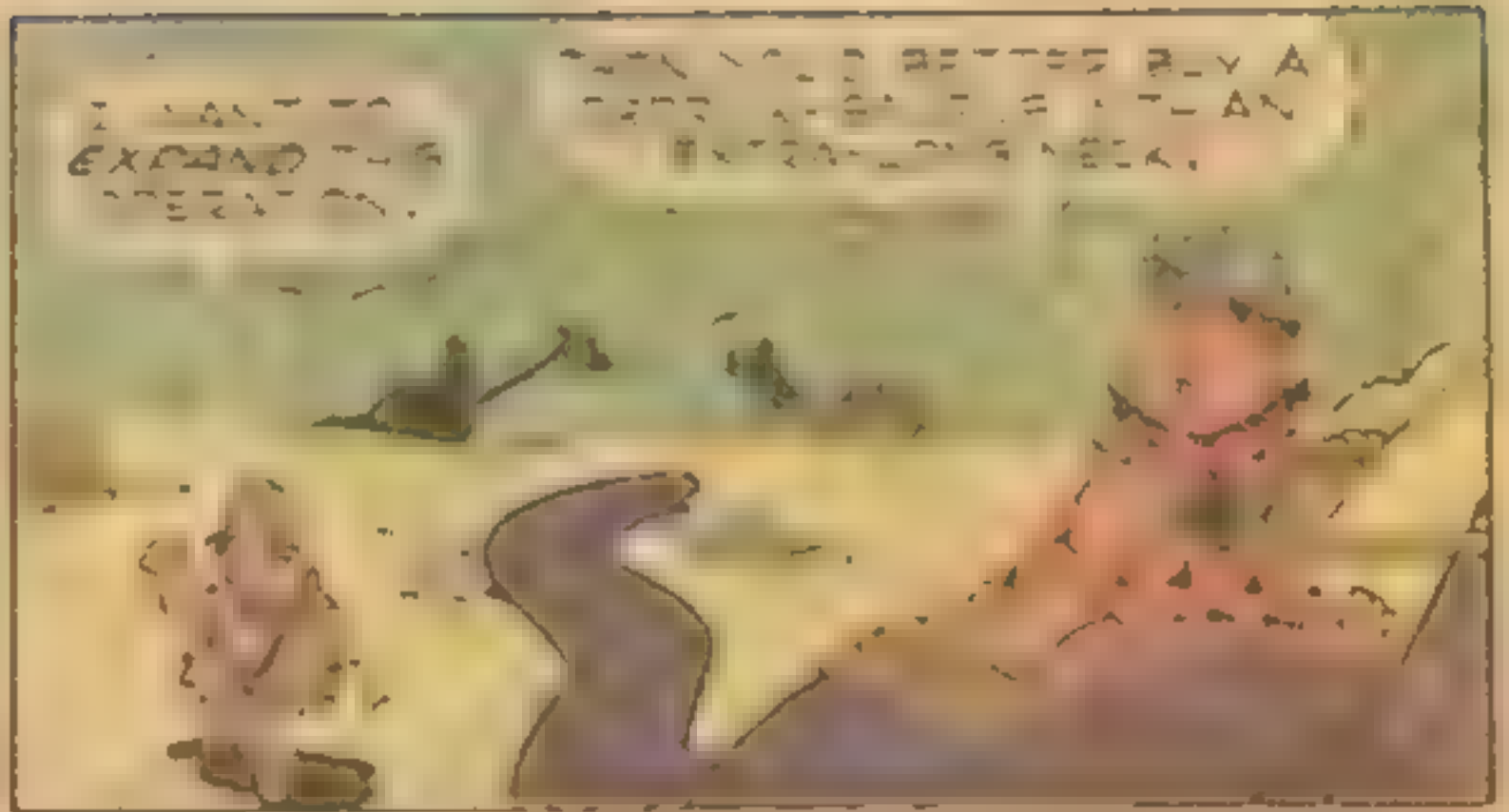
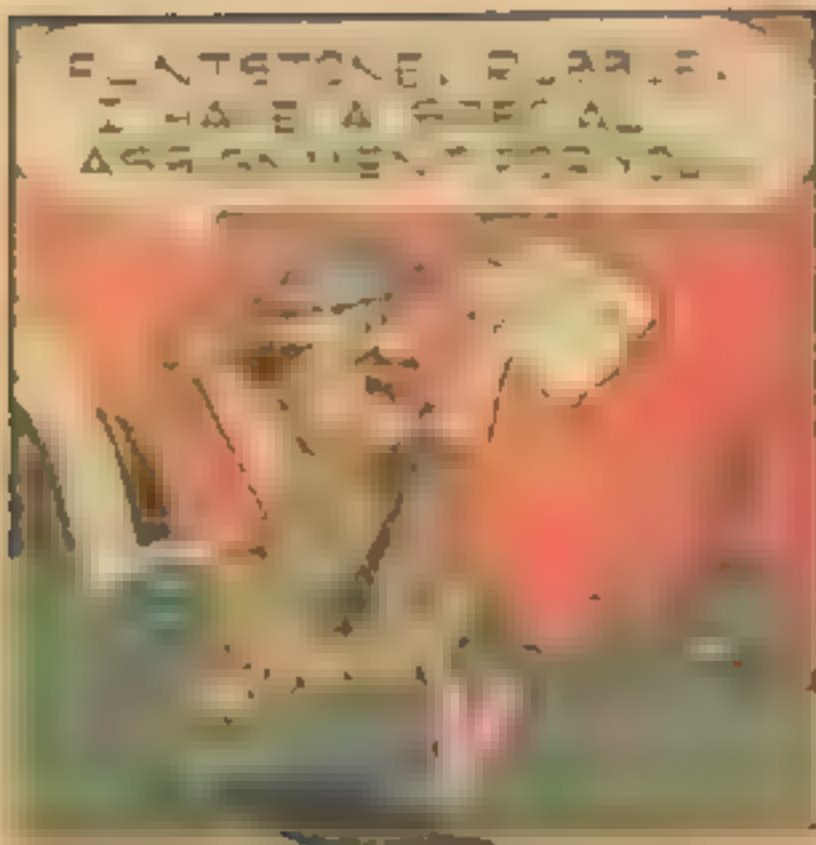
UGH!

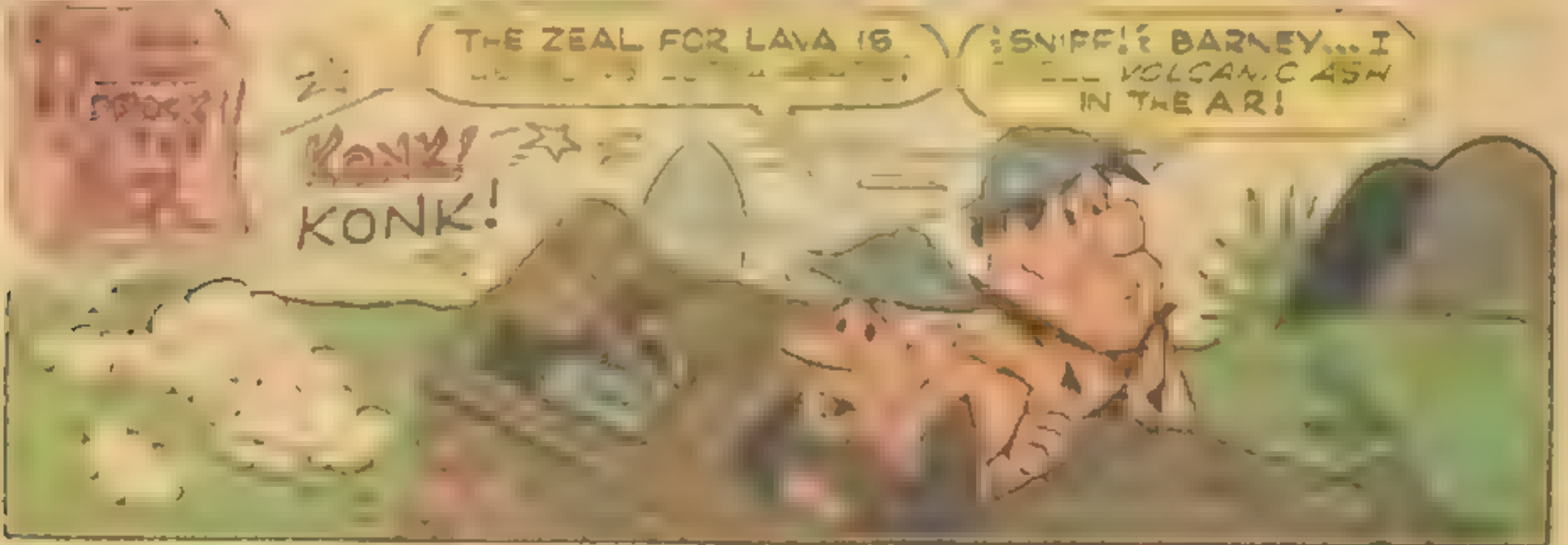
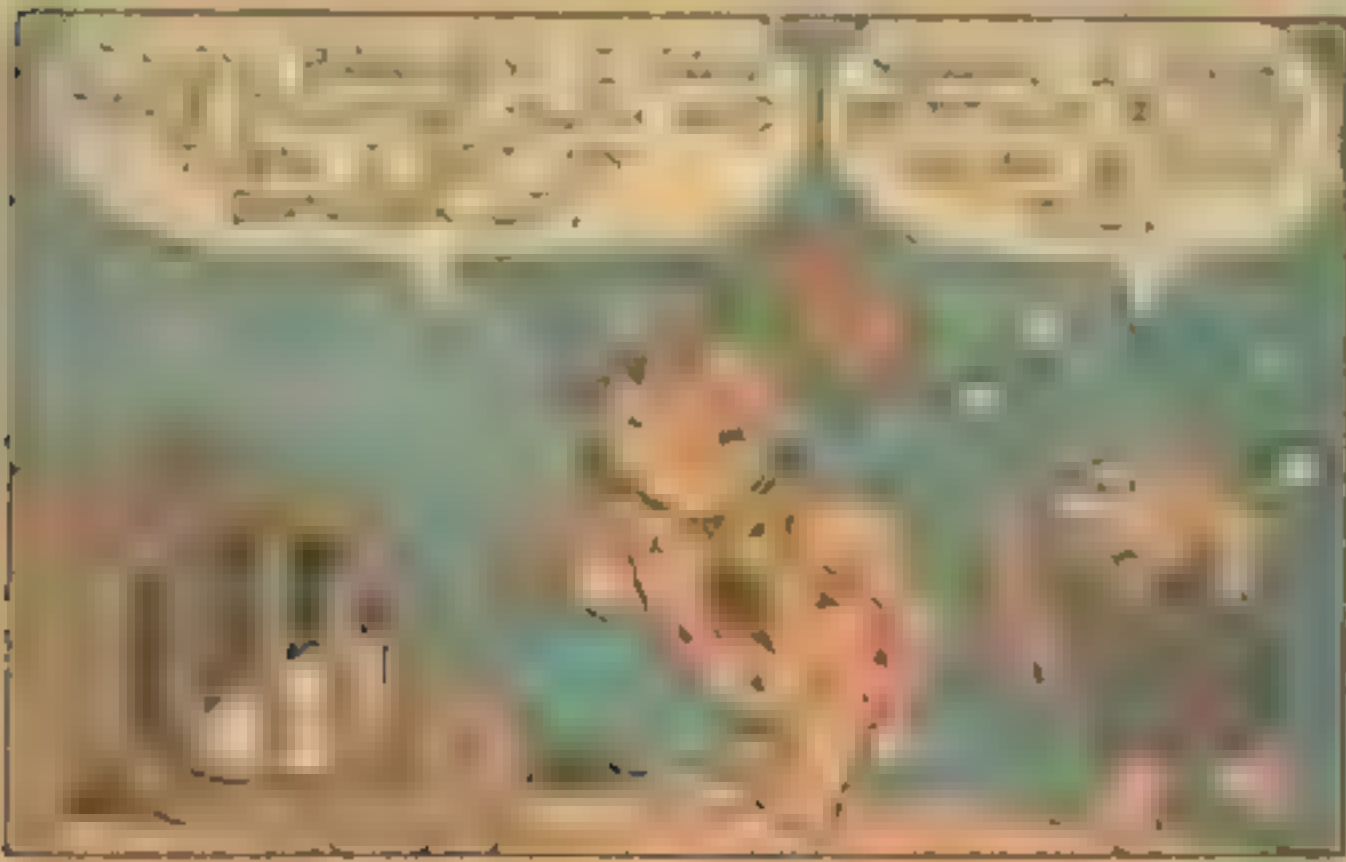
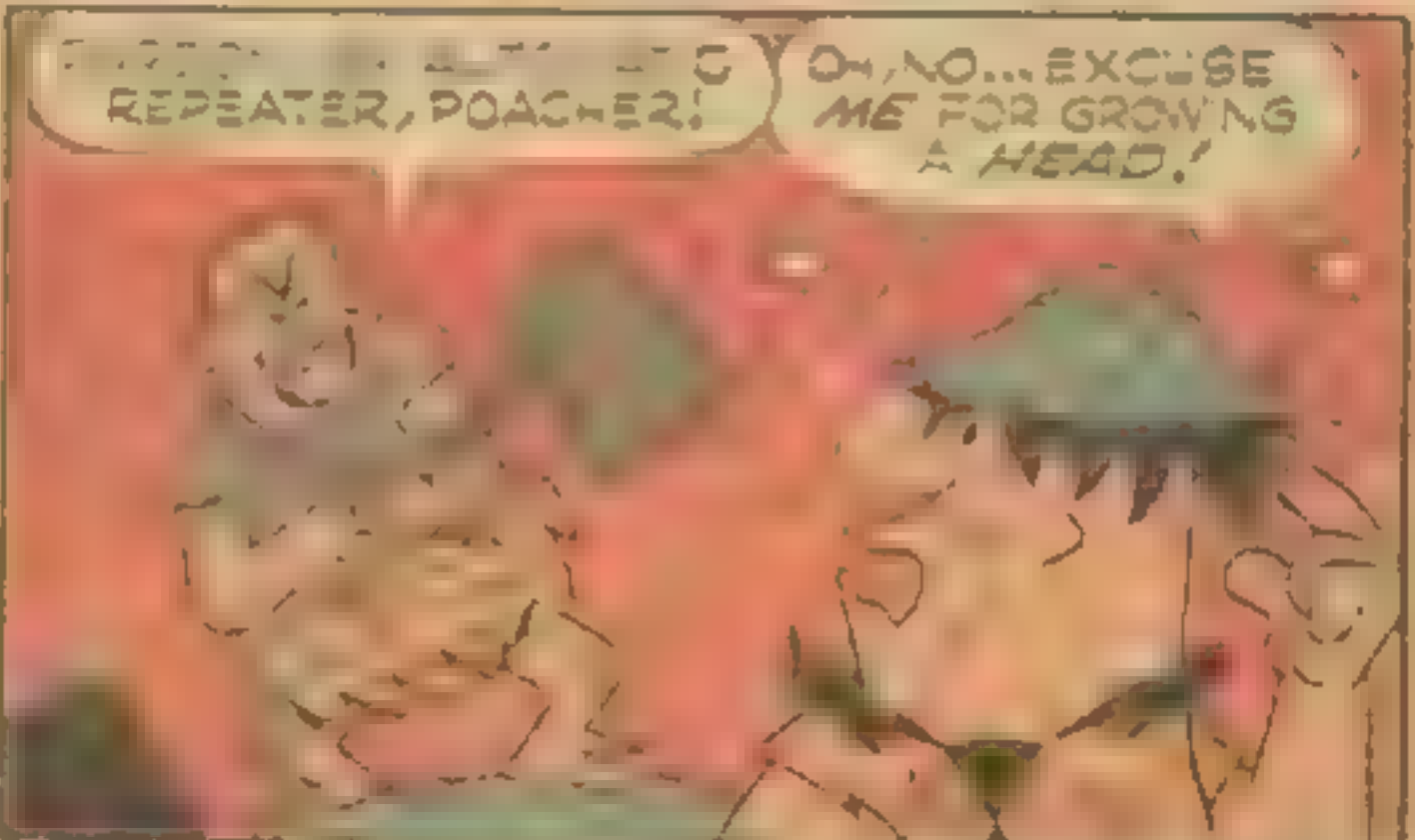
IT'S A
LITTLE SLAB
OF SLATE.

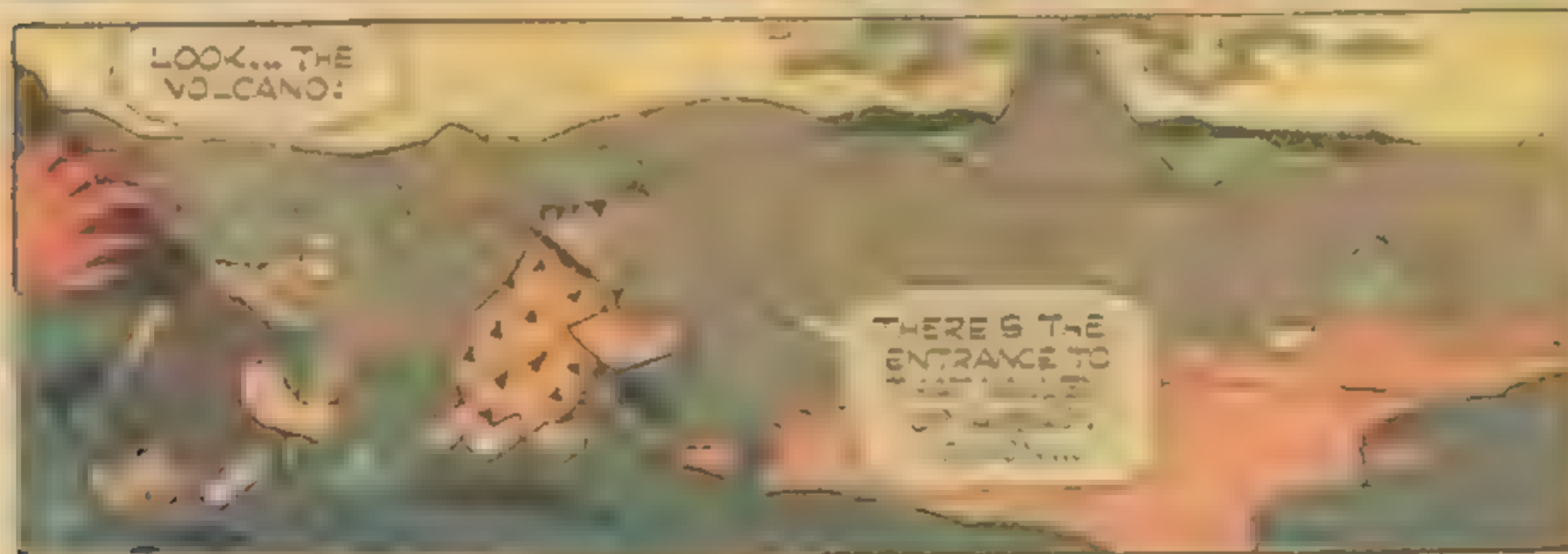
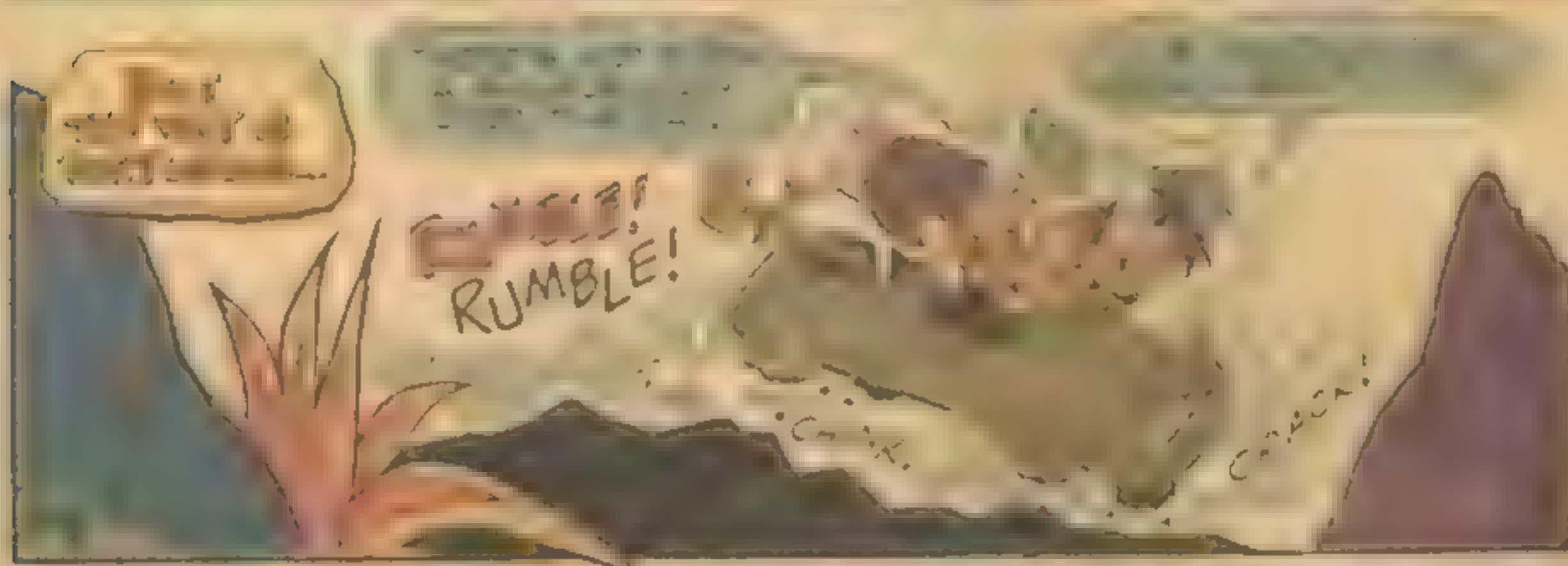
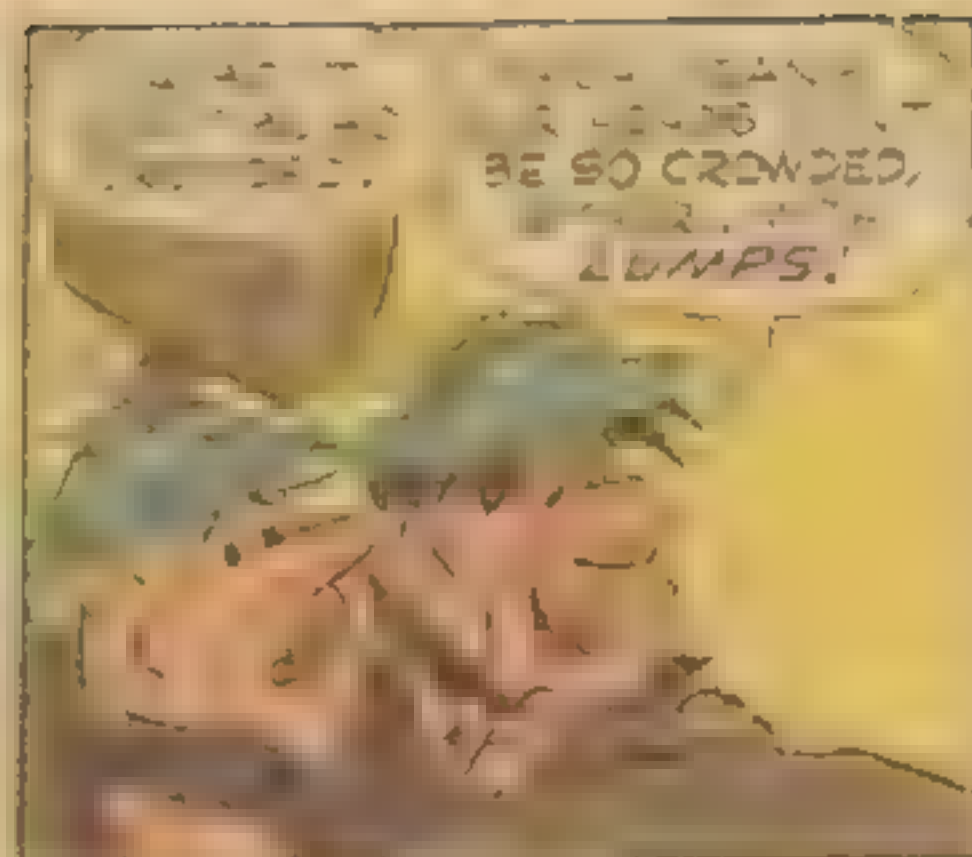
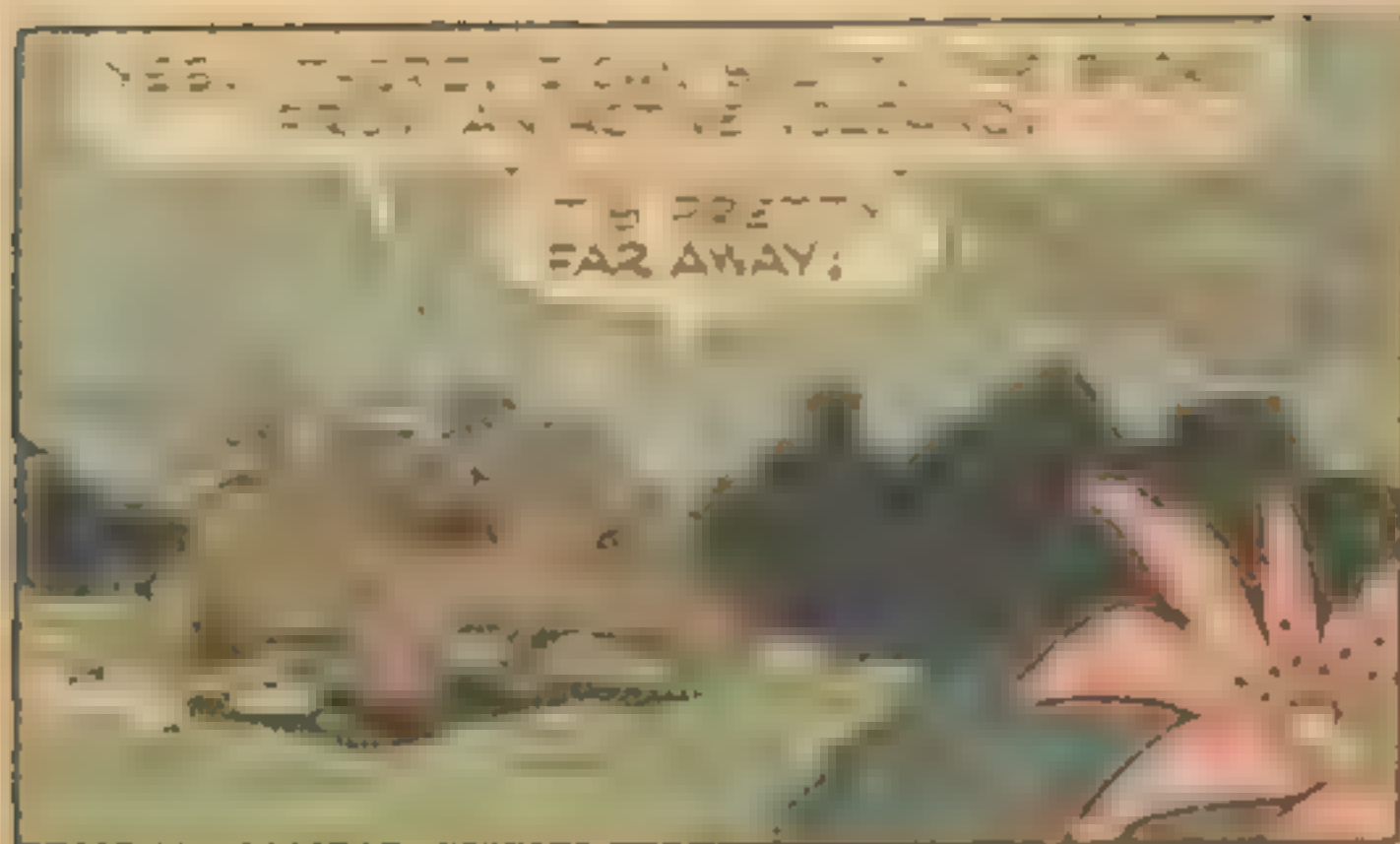


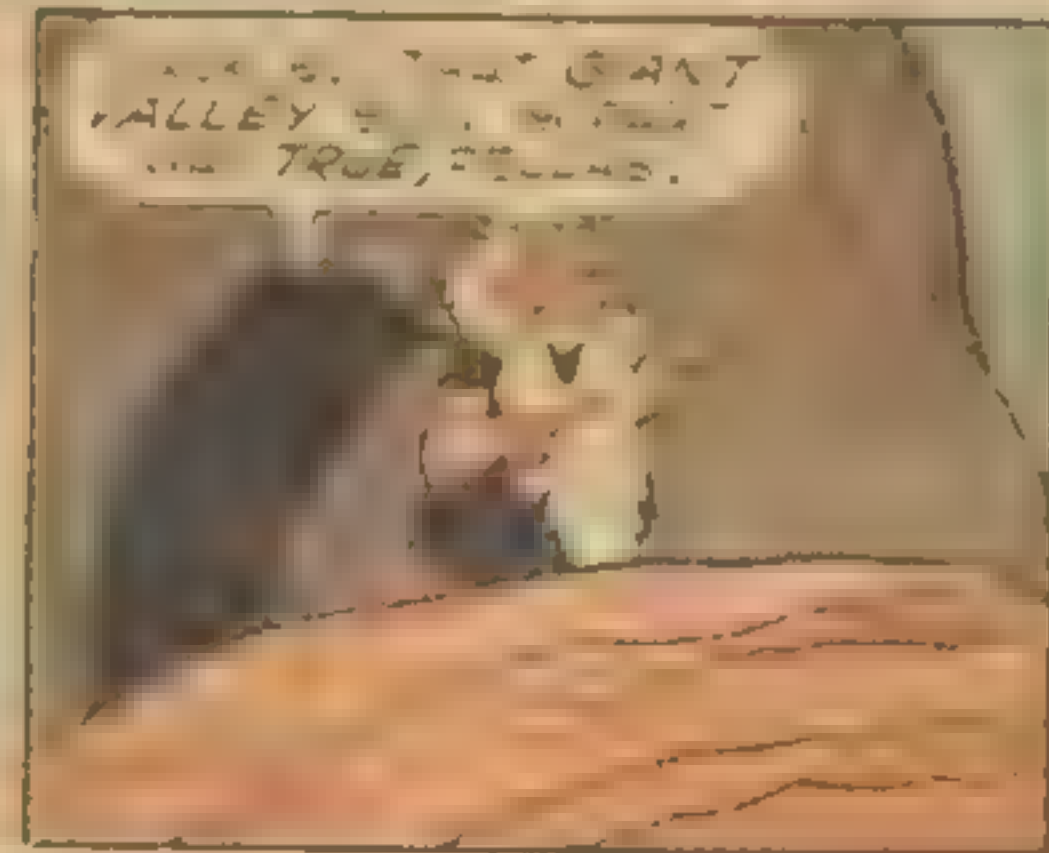
THE MONSTER-SAURUS WAS A
BIG OLD SLAB OF SLATE.
A BIG OLD, NEW, OLD!

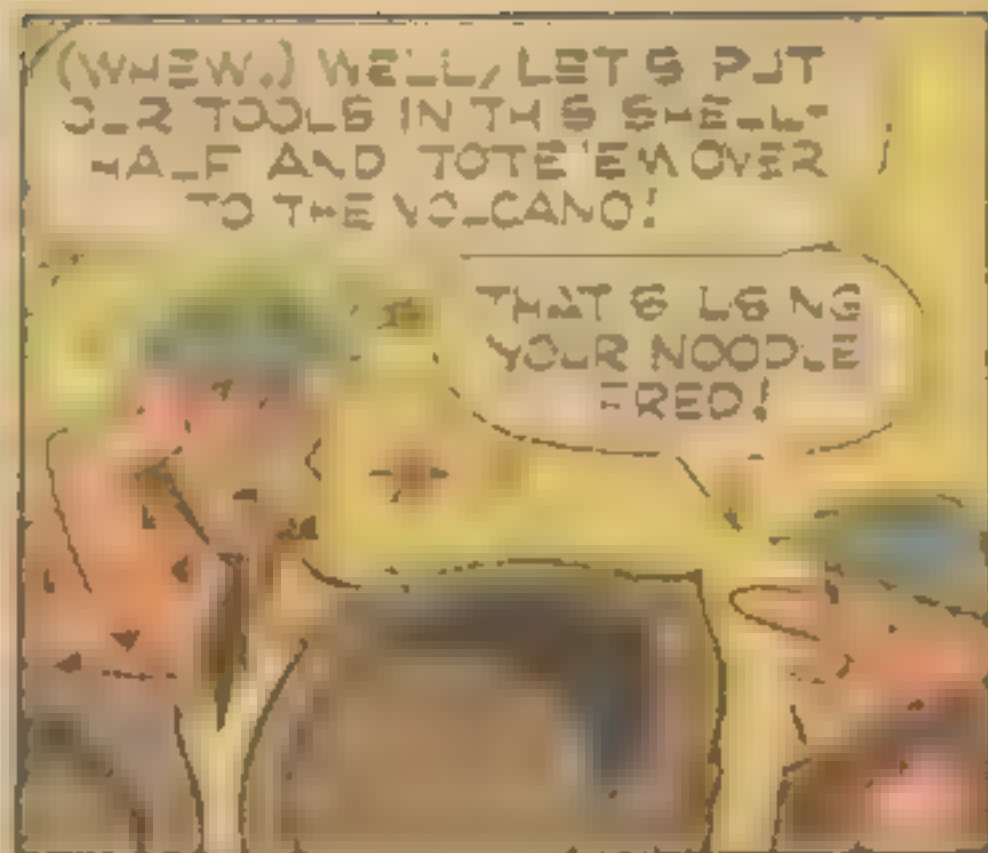
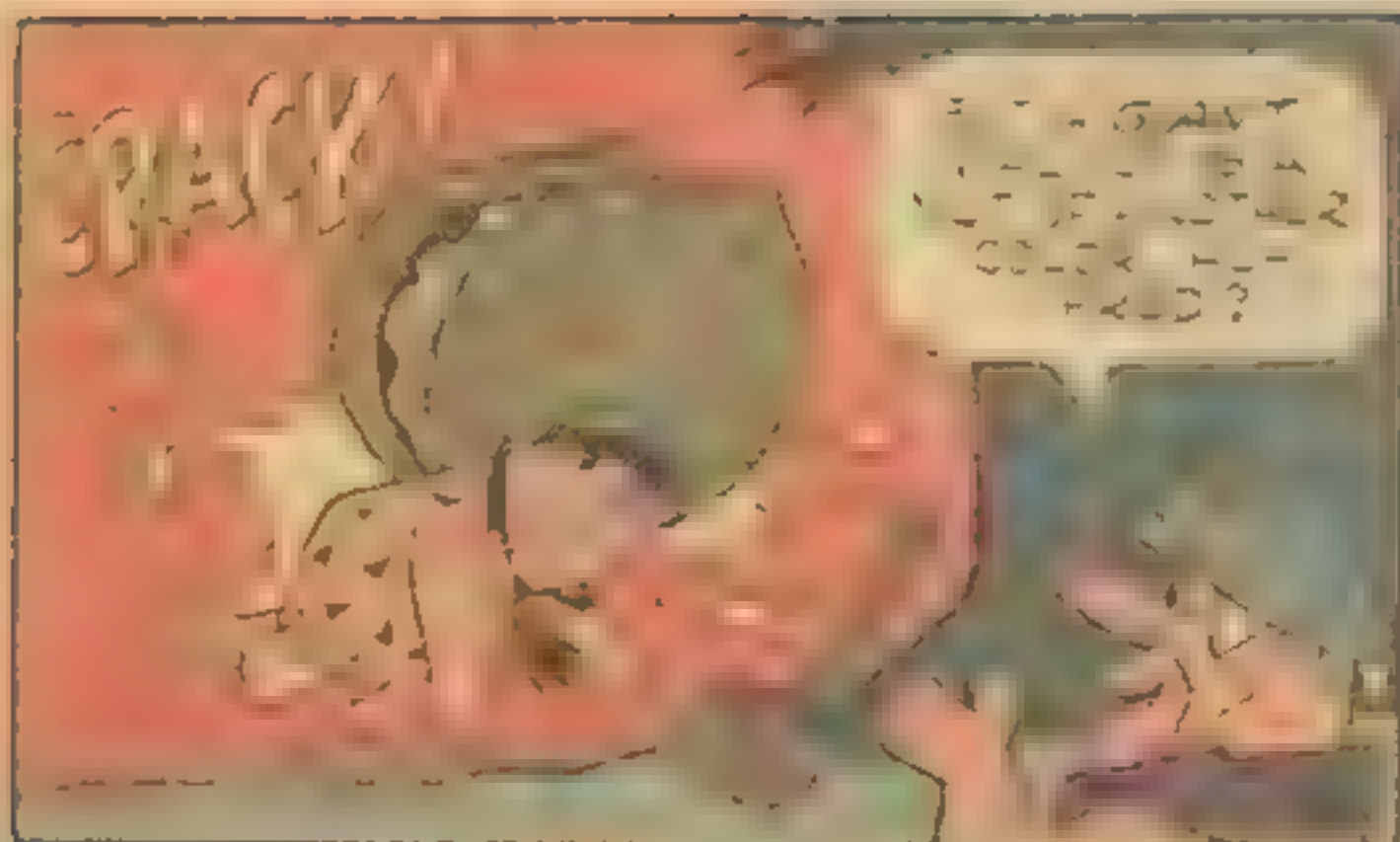














THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM, FRED...



HOW WILL WE TRANSPORT THE LAVA BACK TO BEDROCK?... IT'S A LONG TORTUROUS ROUTE THAT NO WHEELS CAN STAND!



THEN LET'S ALSO TRY SOMETHING REVOLUTIONARY IN *TRANSPORTATION*!



So LATER...

I'M SO PROUD OF BARNEY... GETTING PROMOTED!

ER... I GUESS I'M PROUD OF FRED, TOO!



BUT SOMEHOW THE TITLE OF *ANT-CARAVAN COMMANDER* DOESN'T EXACTLY SOUND TOO GREAT!



Hanna-Barbara
THE
FLINTSTONES

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

THAT'S
WILMA!

...SOUNDS
LIKE SHE'S
IN BIG
TROUBLE!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

I'M COMING!
HOLD ON!



THE FLINTSTONES

IS THE LINE
TIED TO THE BOAT,
BARNEY?

RIGHT,
FRED!



YABBA DABBA DOO!
I HOOKED ONE!



CAREFUL! THOSE
FLYING FISH ARE
TRICKY TO LAND!



THE FLINTSTONES

YOUR FENCE
SEEMS STURDY
ENOUGH!



I LIKE THE
DESIGN, TOO!



IF I EVER GET UP ENOUGH
NERVE, I'D LIKE TO INSTALL
A FENCE LIKE THAT
AT MY PLACE!

